

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE CYPRUS VASE.

A twilight breeze, of honied scent im-
passioned,
Shakes gently to and fro
Red roses, in a jar of Cyprus fashioned
Three thousand years ago.

So long earth hid secure in her dark
bosom
The fragile, moulded clay;
Unburied now, it holds the fleeting
blossom
Of a brief summer's day.

And breathes out visions to the dusk,
that hover
Flame-like, upon the wall;
Beauty and old-time gladness, passing
over
While the red roses fall.

Rose-leaves which patter like the
rhythmic feet
Of dancing-girls, who glide
Through sunlit halls, where kings and
chieftains meet—
When spears are laid aside.

Peace crowned the girls with roses,
brimmed with wine
The lovely curves of you,
Fair ancient vase! and raised, with
touch divine,
Dead brotherhood anew.

Forgotten peace! and long forgotten
war!

Peoples and Kings are gone;
Dust from the wheel of Time's unrest-
ing car;
Only the vase lives on.

Perfect as when, within the shady por-
tal,

It cooled from summer's glow;
Who would have deemed the frail thing
half immortal,
Three thousand years ago?

Rosalind Travers.

A SONG OF LONDON.

The sun's on the pavement,
The current comes and goes,
And the gray streets of London
They blossom like the rose.

Crowned with the spring sun,
Vistas fair and free;
What joy that waits not?
What that may not be?

The blue-bells may beckon,
The cuckoo call—and yet—
The gray streets of London
I never may forget.

O fair shines the gold moon
On blossom-clustered eaves,
But bright blinks the gas-lamp
Between the linden leaves.

And the green country meadows
Are fresh and fine to see,
But the gray streets of London
They're all the world to me.
Rosamund M. Watson.

LARKS.

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blind-
ing,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

Katharine Tynan.

FLEET STREET.

I never see the newsboys run
Amid the whirling street,
With swift untiring feet,
To cry the latest venture done,
But I expect one day to hear
Them cry the crack of doom
And risings from the tomb,
With great Archangel Michael near;
And see them running from the Fleet
As messengers of God,
With Heaven's tidings shod
About their brave unwearied feet.

Shane Leslie.

THE AMERICAN YELLOW PRESS.

The late Mr. Joseph Pulitzer was unquestionably one of the most remarkable personalities of latter-day America. Indomitable by nature, of quick, unshackled perceptions, passionate to learn and to experiment, and with a strong vein of idealism running through his lust for power and success and domination, he was fortunate in the fate that landed him, forty-seven years ago, in Boston when America was on the very point of plunging into the most amazing era of material development and exploitation that the world has yet witnessed. The penniless son of a Jewish father and a Catholic mother, young Pulitzer shifted from one occupation to another before he finally found his life-work in journalism. He was a soldier, a steamboat stoker on the Mississippi, a teamster, and, some say, a hackman and a waiter by turns before he became a reporter of a St. Louis newspaper. Once in journalism his daring and imagination and his avidity to master every detail of his profession quickly carried him to the front. He bought a St. Louis evening paper and converted it into the *Post-Despatch*, working it up into one of the most influential journals and most valuable newspaper properties in the Middle West. In 1883 he purchased from Jay Gould the New York *World*, and almost to the day of his death, in spite of long absences and the appalling affliction of blindness, he remained its director and inspiration. Under his dashing guidance the *World* became the most fearless, the most independent, the most powerful, and also the most sensational journal in the United States. On the occasion of his sixtieth birthday Mr. Pulitzer sent a message to his staff in which he embodied his conception of a great newspaper: "An institution which should al-

ways fight for progress and reform; never tolerate injustice or corruption; always fight demagogues of all parties; never belong to any party; always oppose privileged classes and public plunder; never lack sympathy with the poor; always remain devoted to the public welfare; never be satisfied with merely printing news; always be drastically independent; never be afraid to attack wrong whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty." And in a codicil to his will, published on November 15th, he reiterated his journalistic ideals in the form of a last request and admonition to his sons: "I particularly enjoin on my sons and descendants the duty of preserving, perfecting, and perpetuating the *World* newspaper, to the maintenance and publishing of which I have sacrificed my health and strength, in the same spirit in which I have striven to create and conduct it as a public institution from motives higher than mere gain, it having been my desire that it should be at all times conducted in a spirit of independence and with a view to inculcating high standards and public spirit among the people and their official representatives; and it is my earnest wish that the said newspaper shall hereafter be conducted on the same principles." These are high professions of faith, and the *World* in many ways has not fallen below them. Time and again Mr. Pulitzer risked popularity and gain and offended many powerful interests rather than compromise where he thought compromise to be wrong. Often reckless, prejudiced, and unfair in his onslaughts, he nevertheless rendered many public services, withstood the clamor of the hour at more than one fateful crisis, and preserved inviolate and incorruptible his ideal of independence. He was a man

of real public spirit and of genuine political instinct, and the large sums he devoted to establishing a school of journalism in Columbia College bore witness to a pride in his profession to which no member of it can be indifferent. In his own distinctive phosphorescent way he meant to be, and was, a force for righteousness.

It is probable, however, that when the memory of his individuality has faded, Mr. Pulitzer will be chiefly remembered as the Father of the Yellow Press, or, at any rate, as the man who, if he did not originate yellow journalism, so greatly extended it as to make it appear his own invention, and who, if he left some of its least creditable excesses to others, was for long its best-known and most pyrotechnical practitioner. In that capacity his practice did not always square with his principles. There is no more vigorous or higher-minded journal in the United States than *Collier's Weekly*. In paying tribute to Mr. Pulitzer's memory and in emphasizing the vastness of the opportunity open to his sons and successors, that admirable organ recently remarked: "Upon them is the burden of showing originality and strength, like their father, but of applying those qualities to a changing era. The forward spirit that he showed in attacking social feudalism, they will find themselves called upon to apply to the pressing task of helping to take graft and falsehood out of journalism itself. He never cared to do his share toward removing the loan shark and the patent-medicine poisoner by forbidding them the use of his own columns. The news also needs to be treated with more responsibility. We will give an instance from a recent day. A young stenographer, passing from a street car to her home a block away after nightfall, felt a man's fingers clinch about her neck, and when she reached her hands towards the fin-

gers she found that they were very large. Twenty minutes later the girl's mother found her on the sidewalk, weeping hysterically, and able to remember only that she had been strangled. Next day in the *Evening World* it was stated on the authority of an examining physician that the girl's skull was fractured, her jaw broken, her breasts, face and arms terribly bitten. 'as a mad dog might have torn the victim of an infuriated attack,' and her body covered with bruises from blows struck by a club of which the girl cried out deliriously; lusty bloodhounds led a horde of officers in uniform and a score of detectives across the countryside. Actually there were no bloodhounds, no pursuing policemen in uniform, no bites, no fractured skull, no broken jaw, no body bruises, and no club. As Joseph Pulitzer served his generation in his own direction, so his sons, we are sure, will serve a later generation in the light of present morals." This willingness to sport with the facts and to insist on extracting "a thrill" from every incident is one of the distinctive characteristics of the Yellow Press. The *World* has been by no means immune from it. I remember reading in its columns a long interview with Mr. Pierpont Morgan of a most sensational character, and admirably contrived to embitter the working man against the capitalists. Mr. Morgan's inaccessibility to journalists is notorious, and the statements he was alleged to have made were of a kind to stamp the whole interview as a concoction from beginning to end. In a subsequent issue, when the damage had been done, the *World* acknowledged that it had been "imposed upon." At the same time, and side by side with its retraction, it published a series of comments on the alleged interview from a number of newspapers—a proceeding that might well have been taken as the text for a lecture in

Mr. Pulitzer's School of Journalism.

To put the American Yellow Press in its proper light, one must remember that journalism, while a giant, is a very young one. In its present form it is the product of a quick succession of astounding inventions. The railway, the cable, the telegraph, the telephone, the rotary press, the linotype, the manufacture of paper from wood-pulp, and color-printing—these are the discoveries of yesterday that have made the journal of to-day possible. We are still too near to the phenomenon to be able to assess its significance, or to determine its relations to the general scheme of things. Journalism still awaits its philosopher; awaits, I mean, someone who will work out the action and reaction of this new and tremendous power of organized, ubiquitous publicity upon human life. It has already, to all appearances, taken its place among the permanent social forces; we see it visibly affecting pretty nearly all we do and say and think, competing with the churches, superseding parliaments, elbowing out literature, rivalling the schools and universities, furnishing the world with a new set of nerves; yet nobody that I am aware of has yet attempted to trace out its consequences, to define its nature, functions, and principles, or to establish its place and prerogatives by the side of those other forces, religion, law, art, commerce, and so on, that, unlike journalism, infused the ancient as well as the modern world. Journalism is young, and the problems propounded by the necessity of adjusting it to society and the State have so far been hardly formulated. Its youth must be its excuse for whatever flaws and excesses it has developed. The Yellow Press, as I view the matter, is a disorder of infancy and not of decrepitude; it is a sort of journalistic scarlet fever, and will be cured in time. And there are many reasons why it should

have fastened upon America with particular virulence. Journalism there has run through three main phases. There was, first, the phase in which a paper was able to support itself by its circulation alone, in which advertisements were a minor consideration, and in which the editor, by his personality, his opinions, and his power of stating them, was the principal factor. But the day of the supremacy of the leading article perished soon after the Civil War, and there set in the era—it is just beginning with us—when the important thing was not opinion but news, and when the advertisers became the chief source of newspaper profits. Speaking broadly, the centre of the power of the Press in the United States has shifted from the editorial to the news columns. Its influence is not on that account less operative, but it is, I should judge, less tangible and personal and more diffused, dependent, that is to say, less on editorial comment than on the skill shown in collecting the news of the day and in presenting it in a form that will express particular views and policies. The ordinary American journal of to-day serves up the events of the preceding twenty-four hours from its own point of view, colored by its own prepossessions and affiliations, and the most effective propagandism for or against a given measure or man is thus carried on continuously, by a multitude of little strokes, in the news columns, and particularly in the headlines attached to them. Now the Americans have always taken a liberal, if not a licentious, view of the kind of news that ought to be printed. In a somewhat raw, remote, free and easy community, impressed with the idea of social equality, absorbed in the work of laying the material foundations of a vast civilization, eminently sociable and inquisitive but with comparatively few social traditions and almost no settled

code of manners, it was natural enough that the line between private and public affairs should be loosely drawn. Moreover, the Americans have never enjoyed anything like the severity of our own libel laws. The greater the truth the greater the libel is not a maxim of American law. On the contrary, a statement, if published without malice, is held to be justifiable so long as it can be shown to be true. Attempts have been made in some States to elevate a published retraction into a sufficient defence in a suit for libel, and to invest a reporter's "copy" with the halo of "privileged communication." Then, again, there is nothing in America that at all corresponds to our law of contempt of court. An American paper is entitled to anticipate the probable findings of a judge and jury, to take sides in any case that happens to interest it, to comment on and to garble the evidence from day to day, to work up sympathy for or against the prosecutor or defendant, and to proclaim its conviction of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner from the first moment of his arrest and without waiting for the tiresome formality of the verdict. Hardly an issue, indeed, appears of even the most reputable organs in the United States, such as the *New York Sun*, *The Times*, and the *Evening Post*, that would not land its publisher and editor in prison if the English law of contempt of court obtained in America.

Conditions such as these favored from the first the species of journalism which the world has agreed to designate as yellow. When James Gordon Bennett, for instance, started the *New York Herald*, he specifically, as he himself said in his salutatory, "renounced all so-called principles." He set out to find the news and to print it first; the more private and personal it was the better. He was more than once horsewhipped in the streets of New

York. But that did little good. Bennett's reply was to bring out a flaming "extra" with a full account of the incident written in his own pungent English. The more he was horsewhipped the more papers he sold. From the success of the *New York Herald* may be dated that false conception of what news is, of the methods that may be employed in getting it, and of its importance to a newspaper that has since permeated nearly all American journalism. Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst have in reality done little more than to devote inexhaustible ingenuity, wealth, and enterprise to working the soil which Mr. Bennett long ago was the first to break. But their form of cultivation has been so intensive as to constitute by itself the third of the three phases through which American journalism has thus far passed. The Yellow Press existed long before it was christened. It was not, indeed, until 1895, when Mr. Hearst came to New York intent on beating Mr. Pulitzer on his own ground and by his own weapons, that the type of journalism which emerged from their resounding conflict was labelled "yellow." As a mere uninitiated Englishman, resident at that time in New York, it seemed to me a contest of madmen for the primacy of a sewer. Sprawling headlines, the hunting down of criminals by imaginative reporters, the frenzied demand for their reprieve when caught and condemned, interviews that were "fakes" from the first word to the last, the melodramatization of the follies of the Four Hundred, columns of gossip and scandal that could only have emanated from stewards in the fashionable clubs or maids and butlers in private houses, sympathetic reports from feminine pens of murder, divorce, and breach of promise cases with a sob in every line, every incident of the day tortured to yield the pure juice of emotionalism

beloved of the servants' hall—such was the week-day fare provided by the Yellow Press in those ebullient days. On Sundays it was much worse. It is on Sunday that the American papers, yellow and otherwise, put forth their finest efforts and produce their most flamboyant effects. The Sunday edition of a New York daily is a miscellany of from sixty to eighty pages that in mere wood-pulp represents a respectable plantation and that would carpet a fair-sized room. Of all its innumerable features the most distinctively yellow is the comic supplement printed in colors. Nothing better calculated to kill the American reputation for humor has ever been conceived. It is a medley of knock-about facetiousness, through which week after week march a number of types and characters—Happy Hooligan, Frowzy Freddy, Weary Willie, Tired Tim, and so on—whose adventures and sayings make up a world that resembles nothing so much as a libellous vision of the cheapest music hall seen in a nightmare by a madman. And among the other attractions of these Sunday editions you will usually find a page or two given up to the doings and photographs of those preposterous actors and actresses who are so woefully smaller than the art they practise; and another page, fully illustrated, to society news and scandal; and a third page, and, with luck, a fourth, to the latest crime. The Yellow Press has consistently specialized in crime. I recall a famous issue of one paper that described and illustrated a hundred different ways of killing a man; and, indeed, a would-be criminal could hardly hope for a better school in which to master the theory of his profession. Pictures of men in masks in the act of blowing open a safe, of an embezzling cashier stepping on to the train for Mexico, of a drunken man assaulting his wife with a bootjack, of a youth drowning

a girl he has betrayed, reproductions of the faces of murderers, of the rooms in which and the weapons with which their crimes were committed, precise and detailed descriptions of the latest swindling trick or embezzlement device or confidence game—even, in one case, I remember, a column and a half of exact information on the construction of an infernal machine and the best way of packing it so as to avoid detection in the post office—these are the aids with which the Yellow Press strews the path of the budding burglar, thief, and criminal.

But perhaps its greatest offence is its policy of perverting the truth in the interest of a mere tawdry sensationalism, of encouraging the American people to look for a thrill in every paragraph of news, of feeding them on a diet of scrappy balderdash. This habit of digging away for what is emotionally picturesque and "popular" has infected almost the whole of the American daily Press. Only a few months ago a professor of moral philosophy at Harvard was bewailing how egregiously he had been victimized by this policy. He was delivering an address at a girls' college in Boston on the higher education of women, and in the course of it he mentioned the case of a girl-student who had become so absorbed in her work as to lose all interest in social diversions. Her parents and friends pressed her to slacken off for a year or so and devote more time to balls and luncheons and so on. She came to him, the professor, for advice, and he counselled her to do as she was urged. "Flirt," he said, "flirt hard and show that a college girl is equal to whatever is required of her." The professor, as I said, in the course of his address, which took about an hour to deliver, recalled this incident. He did not dwell on it; he made no other reference to it whatever; he said nothing at all about the place that flirtation

should hold in a properly organized curriculum. That same evening a Boston paper came out with a report of his "Address on Flirtation." The next day he was asked for but declined an interview on the subject. The interview, however, appeared, a column of imaginative literature, generously adorned with headlines and quotation marks, setting forth in the gayest of colors his "advocacy of flirtation." The professor, not being an ardent newspaper reader, did not realize what had happened until there suddenly began to rain upon him a succession of solemn or derisive editorials, letters from distressed parents, abusive post cards, and leaflets from societies for the prevention of vice with the significant passages marked. The bubble grew and grew; "symposia" were held by scores of papers on whether girls should flirt; the topic raged over the continent; and it soon became a settled conviction in the minds of some ninety million people, who at once proceeded to denounce his hoary depravity, that the professor of moral philosophy at Harvard was advocating a general looseness in the relations of the sexes. And that is the sort of buffoonery to which any man who opens his mouth in public in the United States is inevitably exposed.

But not all of the enormities of the Yellow Press were of their own commission. They fostered an appetite for sensationalism, and all sorts of news-bureaus and Press agencies came into existence to gratify it. More than once the yellow journals found themselves hoist with their own petard and tricked into publishing incidents that had never the slightest basis in fact. It is on record, for example, that the editor of one of these news agencies conceived one day a wonderfully plausible story of an attempted suicide in a fashionable doctor's office, the would-be suicide being rescued only by the

timely intervention of the doctor. The thing never happened, but it might have happened, and he sat down and wrote a realistic account of it. This account he handed to a girl on his reporters' staff, telling her to take it to some prominent doctor and convince him of the numberless advantages, the prodigious advertisement, that would accrue to him if only he would endorse the tale. The first doctor she approached said he could stand a good deal in the way of exaggeration, but that he was not yet educated up to the point of swearing to the truth of a story that was an absolute lie. The second, a physician known all over New York, bundled her out of the house in double-quick time. At the third attempt she was successful. She found a doctor, and a well-known one, too, who was delighted with the idea, and gladly closed with her proposal. They went over his consulting room together; the cord with which the patient had tried to strangle herself during the momentary absence of the doctor, the lounge to which she was removed, the restoratives applied, were all agreed upon. The story was then sent out to the newspaper offices; the doctor, being appealed to by the reporters, confirmed it in every detail; and it appeared in the next morning's papers, three-quarters of a column of soul-moving narrative, with the doctor's photograph and a sketch of his consulting room, and this final paragraph: "Owing to the urgent pleadings of the lady, Dr. — refuses to give the name and address of his patient, but says she belongs to one of the wealthiest and most exclusive social circles in the city." On the whole it would not be easy to conceive a deeper abyss of infamy.

It sometimes happened that the ingenuity of the sensation-mongers was wasted. When Mr. Henry Miller, for instance, was about to make his first

appearance in New York as a star in a new play he received the following letter from the editor of one of these news bureaus: "Dear Sir,—You are probably aware that nowadays it is sensation and not talent that wins. As you are to make your first stellar appearance in New York, it is almost necessary that you do something to attract attention, and I have a scheme to propose. On Sunday night your house will be entered by burglars. They will turn the place upside down, and upon discovery pistol-shots will be fired. They will escape, leaving blood-stains upon the floor. You will get the credit of fighting single-handed two desperate robbers. The New York *Herald* and the other morning dailies will get the story and the whole town will be talking about you. I will furnish the burglars and take all chances, and will only charge you \$100 dollars for the scheme." Mr. Miller declined the offer, but it is amazing to discover whither the passion for advertisement in that land of advertisement will lead people. I remember seeing in a New York paper a long article describing a house of Pompeian design, built of glass bricks and glass columns of all colors, that was to be erected at Newport for a Western millionaire by a well-known firm of city architects, whose name and address were given and who supplied the paper with interior and exterior plans of the projected buildings. It turned out that no such freak was ever contemplated, and that the architects, for such advertisement as it would give them, and the reporter, hungering for a sensation, had concocted the tale between them. To the same genesis, I should say, may be ascribed a paragraph about a chiropodist who announced that he had replaced a missing toe with one of solid gold. The weapon which the Yellow Press had forged was, in short, turned against them. There

were cases in which conspiracies were formed between reporters and unscrupulous outsiders to procure the insertion of paragraphs and articles on which a libel action could be based against the papers publishing them. There were cases, too, in which the reporters who were detailed on some special mission—say, to interview the jurymen after a famous murder trial—would get together, ignore the refusal of the jurymen to be interviewed, and write out, each in his own style, what they ought to have said. There is really something more than jest in the old remark that Shakespeare would never have suited a New York newspaper; he had not sufficient imagination.

But the Yellow Press is not all evil and inanity. It has its virtues and its usefulness. The calculation which was the base of Mr. Hearst's invasion of New York was this. He added up the figures of the circulation of all the New York papers and compared them with the census returns of population. He found that there was a large number of people in New York who apparently never read, or at any rate never bought, a paper at all. These were the people he set out to cater for, and it is undoubtedly one of the merits of the Yellow Press that it has forced people to read who never read before. That, it may be said, is not rendering much of a service to the community if the type of reading provided was such as I have described. Well, I think that is arguable. In the first place, not all the columns of the Yellow Press, even in its yellowest days, were filled with the frivolities and slush I have touched on; and in the second place, Mr. W. Irwin, who has contributed this year a brilliant series of articles to *Collier's Weekly* on American Journalism, notes the very interesting fact that Mr. Hearst's papers, which one may take as fairly representative of the Yellow Press, appear

to change their *clientèle* once every seven or eight years. From this Mr. Irwin comfortably infers that in general the more a man reads the better he reads. Once implant a taste for reading and the odds are that it will unconsciously improve itself, and will in time come to discard the tenth-rate in favor of the ninth-rate. Those who begin with Mr. Hearst's organs gradually find them out, grow disgusted, and desire something better. Sounder standards are thus in process of evolution all the time, and even the Yellow Press is affected by them and finds it to its interest to conform to them. Then, too, the Yellow Press attempts so much and covers such a wide field of life that some of its enterprises, by the mere law of averages, are bound to be beneficent. The New York *American*, for instance, in its news as well as its editorial columns has always paid special attention to matters of public health and domestic hygiene and the rearing of children and the care of the sick. In its own peculiar way, I should say it has sincerely tried to civilize its readers and make them think. Its columns have been the means of remedying hundreds of little injustices to the poor. A reader of the *American* or of the *Evening Journal* who is oppressed by his landlord or by the police, finds in his favorite paper a ready champion of his wrongs. The *American* is constantly risking the patronage of its advertisers by fighting drink and cigarettes. It is prolific of semi-philanthropic activities. At the time of the Galveston flood and the San Francisco earthquake Mr. Hearst sent three full trains of provisions, clothing, medicines, doctors, and nurses across the Continent. The *American* conducts an admirable fresh-air fund; it takes a hundred children from the tenements every day throughout the summer for a day's outing at the seaside; it offers each year a two-weeks' vacation to the

entire family having the largest number of children in the New York public schools; it distributes free ice in summer and free soup in winter and cartloads of toys at Christmas time; it is a newspaper, an adult kindergarten, and a charitable institution rolled into one. In the last Sunday edition that I happened to see, along with the comic supplement and plenty of inane gossip, I found an admirable article by d'Annunzio on the Italian expedition to Tripoli, and a very well-written and well-illustrated page given up to a popular digest of one of Reclus' works on anthropology. The Yellow Press gets most of what is bad in life into its columns but it does not exclude what is better. There is usually something to be found in it that is really instructive, and presented in a simple and stimulating fashion. It displays, of course, no sense of proportion whatever in arranging its news and in deciding between what is of real and permanent interest and what is merely and vulgarly ephemeral; the Christmas edition of a typical Yellow journal might easily print on one page Milton's Ode on the Nativity and on the next several columns of sketches and letterpress commenting on and illustrating the various styles of walking to be seen on Fifth Avenue among the members of the Four Hundred; but it is not irredeemably degrading.

But, besides all this, the Yellow Press in Mr. Pulitzer's and Mr. Hearst's hands has rendered some real public services. While most of the American daily papers in the big cities are believed to be under the influence of the "money power" and controlled by "the interests," the Yellow journals have never failed to flay the rich perverter of public funds and properties, the rich gambler in fraudulent consolidations, and the far-reaching oppressiveness of that alliance between organized wealth and debased politics

which dominates America. They daily explain to the masses how they are being robbed by the Trusts, juggled with by the politicians, and betrayed by their elected officers. They unearth the iniquities of a great corporation with the same microscopic diligence that they squander on following up the clues in a murder mystery or on collecting or inventing the details of a society scandal. Their motives may be dubious and their methods wholly brazen, but it is undeniable that the public has benefited by many of their achievements. The American criminal, whether he is of the kind that steals a public franchise or corrupts a legislature, or of the equally common but more frequently caught and convicted kind that rifles a safe or kidnaps a child, fears the Yellow Press far more than he fears the police or the public. Both Mr. Hearst and the late Mr. Pulitzer have not only saved millions of dollars to the public, but have fought a stimulating fight for democracy against plutocracy and privilege. The Yellow Press, in short, has proved a fearless and efficient instrument for the exposure of public wrong-doing. The political power which Mr. Hearst has built up on the basis of his Continental chain of journals represents something more than cheek and a check-book, pantomime and pandemonium. What gives him his ultimate influence is that he has used the resources of an unlimited publicity to make himself and his propaganda the rallying centre for disaffection and unrest. With more point and passion and pertinacity than any other agency, his papers have stood for the people against the plutocracy, and for trade unions against capital, have assailed the "money power" and its control over the instruments of Government, have let daylight into the realities of American conditions, and have given pointed and constant expression to that wear-

ness with the regular parties which is now pretty nearly a national sentiment. Daily expounded by Mr. Arthur Brisbane in the columns of the *New York Evening Journal* in a sharp, staccato, almost monosyllabic style of unsurpassable crispness, lucidity, and plausibility, set off with a coruscation of all known typographical devices, the Hearst creed and the Hearst programme have powerfully affected the imagination of the American, or at any rate the New York, masses. There is no stranger or more instructive experience than to get on a subway train in New York during the hours of the evening homeward rush and watch the laborer in his overalls, the tired shop-girl, and the pallid clerk reading and re-reading Mr. Brisbane's "leader" for the day. He has, I suppose, a wider audience than any writer or preacher has had before. Always fresh and pyrotechnical, master of the telling phrase and the captivating argument, and veiling the dexterous half-truth behind a drapery of buoyant and "popular" philosophy and sentiment, Mr. Brisbane has every qualification that an insinuating preacher of discontent should have. He, at any rate, has made the masses think—no man more so; the leading article in his hands has lost all its stodginess and restrictions, and become a vital and all-embracing instrument. That is something which would have to be borne in mind if one were to attempt the interesting but very serious task of estimating the influence of the Yellow Press on the American mind and character, and of determining how far it is responsible for, and how far the outcome of, the volatility and empiricism, the hysterical restlessness and superficiality, and the incapacity for deep and sustained thinking that have been noted in the American people. It seems hardly possible that even America should not pay something for its

Yellow Press. I believe, however, that it is called upon to pay less and less as the years go on, and that the
The Fortnightly Review.

worst and most reckless days of yellow journalism are over.

Sydney Brooks.

FICTION AND ROMANCE.

The practice of Art is not a profession, or a trade, or a craft. It is a mystery, though it is not commonly so regarded. And what is a mystery? The word has altered its meaning, and now signifies some abstruse secret. But its real sense is that of some guarded rite, some hidden knowledge, which it requires an initiation to comprehend.

This is particularly true of literary art. Most people can string a few sentences together, they can write a letter, they can read a book, they can even make some dim comparison between books. And in virtue of this they conceive that they are entitled to form an opinion, or at all events to express one, about books and writings. There is little or no respect felt in England for the expert, except where his knowledge has some practical bearing. But about art in any form—books, pictures, music—the ordinary person thinks that he may have an opinion, and of course in one sense he cannot be prevented from having one; but he grounds his opinion upon an imagined competence to form one. He does not defer to the trained critic—and indeed there are few critics to whom the ordinary man need defer, because the critic is, as a rule, in England, only a literary amateur. This is, perhaps, more true of the criticism of fiction than of any other branch of literature. There has hardly been any serious attempt made in England to criticise the art of fiction. There is plenty of reviewing of books, of course, but there seem to be no fixed standards

of reference. There is no accepted canon by which works of fiction are tested. A book is criticised on its own merits. It is just tasted like an apple, and slices of the apple are produced in the course of a desultory description of the book for the consumer to taste too. If the reviewer likes the flavor, he says so. Indeed, few reviewers even think it worth while to appreciate the aim of the author, and to see how far he fulfils his aim. It is a mere statement of individual preferences and dislikes. Mr. Henry James is perhaps the only living author, who is a critic as well, who has endeavoured, in the prefaces to the recent standard edition of his works, to indicate the principles of the art of fiction. Criticism has indeed been openly despised even by writers of genius. William Morris said once that it seemed to him almost incredible that a man should sell his opinion about a book; and he also declined the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, on the ground that the practice of an art vitiated a writer's power of criticising that art. Matthew Arnold was perhaps the only Victorian writer of genius who took a serious view of the duties of criticism, and maintained, in a heedless and perverse generation, the necessity of arriving, if possible, at some definite artistic principles of literary art, some standards of comparison and analysis. The general sentiment, indeed, if it can be translated into words, seems to be that the writer has a right to do what the old nursery rhyme calls "sing a song of sixpence," and that the work of the

critic is to be resented as an undue interference, a trenching on individual liberty.

The establishment, by the Royal Society of Literature, of a chair of English fiction is to be welcomed as a sign that there are serious people who believe that the time has come to make an attempt to deal with the chaos that prevails, to attempt to indicate some standards and principles, to try, if I may put the question in the widest and most general terms, to discern the law of beauty in the literary art of fiction, to establish what that law is, and to prove, if possible, that literary art is sound so far as it conforms to that law, and unsound in so far as it departs from it.

This, then, is the point which I wish to emphasize. That in literary art, and in fiction as a branch of that art, there is a law of genesis and growth and development, which is certainly there, and probably ascertainable. That it is a question, like all other scientific questions, for the expert. That the duty of the expert is to make himself acquainted with all the manifestations of that particular art, and to read, not merely with a view to discovering whether a particular piece of art arouses pleasurable emotions, but to penetrate into the question why certain effects are produced, what it is that gives art vitality and permanence; not to treat works of art as irresponsible varieties of human expression, but to trace the processes which give color, fragrance, and form to an artistic production, and thus to establish a standard by which it is possible to test the quality of the thing produced.

It is probably true to say that the originating impulse of art is the imitation of nature—the impulse which seized, let us say, on some primitive palæolithic man at the sight or sound of something which pleased him and satisfied his sense of what was beautiful. He

wishes to give it some sort of permanence: to depict, or record, or describe it, so that he may recall, or that others may share, what delighted him. But it is not a mere imitation, a mere transcript; from the very first it entails a certain selection of effects, a disentangling of one effect from others. The thing requires, first of all, perception and a discriminating power, and then skill of presentment. For a long time the impulse is fitful and individual. Then as society shapes itself a certain specialization begins; one man makes pottery, another works metal, another plays musical instruments; and in the earliest civilizations which we can trace there are men who follow the vocation of minstrels.

If we detach ourselves from the other arts and follow that of literature, we find that the minstrel is always a romancer; he presents life in a heightened manner, with an eye to all that glows and reverberates. He takes not the dull stuff of life, but its heroic deeds, its dark treacheries, its tragic sorrows, and makes a tale out of them.

But in all this he does not imitate nature; he is aiming at another end; he tries to catch what the old Chinese critics called the spiritual rhythm of life, its beautiful element, its emotional moments. Just as music is the sublimation of the confused, blurred, chromatic sounds of life, and as the musician chooses the sounds which are found to possess a mathematical relation, when the question of vibration is scientifically studied, so it is with the other arts; and that is what Pater meant when he said that all art becomes higher the more that it aspires to the condition of music.

Now if I may take music as an illustration, it is obvious that there is a psychological law of some kind at work behind it, which dictates the lines upon which the pleasure and appreciation of music in human minds devel-

ops. Music does not tend, as the world goes on, to be less formal, but more formal. The forms grow more complex and elaborate, but the trained ear is not confused by that. The pleasure of it grows, and becomes more and more delicate and intellectual. In music, one accepts the dicta of the experts, and one is content to believe in the excellence of the more complex music, even if one is not sufficiently trained to understand it. But the trained critic is not a man who invents the law, he only perceives it in its more subtle manifestations. Every now and then some new genius sweeps past the accepted traditions, and illustrates the further secrets of the law. Then if the critic is a true critic, he says: "This is new and wonderful; it is an advance; it does not seem at first sight to be consonant with the old traditions, yet it is an extension of them." But on the other hand there may arise some brilliant and perverse writer who indulges in a shower of new effects. The true critic ought to be able to say, "This is not really an advance—it leads nowhere; it has its brilliance, indeed, but it is a freak and a sport; it is not an extension of the law, but a violation of it."

Now exactly the same thing ought to be possible in literature. The French have carried the perception of the law of literary process far beyond ourselves. There is a tradition of criticism among them, and what is better still, there is a real, silent, critical apprehension of literary quality among readers in France, so that a writer finds favor according as he is in harmony with the law of literary progression. We in England, who are often only fervid amateurs in this respect, are impatient with that tradition, and think of it as something which hampers the liberty of the writer. Our unintelligent praise of what we call liberty in England has done our art much

harm. By liberty in art we mean nothing more than a coarse democratic equality of opinion. We say testily that there is no liberty in France, and that the majority dictate not only what the minority shall do, but what it shall think; when all the while what we are safeguarding is the ignorant and irresponsible frankness of the amateur. We are only glorifying muddle, and the frenzied impatience of the self-sufficient. We say that we love unconventionality, when we are really in love with lawlessness; and that is because we are a materialistic nation, and hold little sacred except property.

All art is by its nature intensely conventional; it is all based upon conventions. Rhyme, rhythm, form, arrangement, order—they are all entirely conventional things, rules established, agreed upon, accepted. The finest art is that which takes all these conventions for granted, uses them, abides by them, and yet contrives to give a natural and free effect to the whole.

Of course the artist need not be always conscious of his form; the better artist he is, the more instinctive is the process; but there must be something in his brain unconsciously directing and correcting the vagaries of imagination and construction. A book slowly elaborated by conventional rules would be a very lifeless thing. But we may depend upon it that the more that the law of form is in the writer's heart, the finer his work will be.

This, then, is my point, that the so-called conventions of art are nothing more than the natural laws of artistic development; and that if an artist disobeys them, though he may have what is called a success with readers who have no critical sense, he attains that success by qualities which have no artistic motive, by good-humor, or pictorial power, or pathos, or grotesqueness; and his art will have no permanence, as artistic appreciation grows. I do

not mean that all these qualities cannot be used by the artist—indeed, they are indispensable—but there must be the central, devising, controlling power behind it all. Otherwise the artist is like a statesman who has no policy, but is merely an opportunist. Such a statesman does not develop the State; he merely temporarily silences the forces which must ultimately be reconciled and mutually accommodated.

It is time for us in England to face the facts, if we are interested in artistic progress at all, if we do not merely mean to welter in vague emotion and dubious sentiment. We must believe, even if we do not wholly recognize, that there is a science of these things. We believe very much in what is technically called science, because we see the immense material conveniences which may result from really studying the laws and properties of matter. We see that there are perfectly inflexible laws behind every smallest particle about us. Let us recognize frankly that art is probably not a vague and irresponsible thing either, but perfectly and exactly scientific. Impatient religious amateurs used to say of medical science that if God Almighty had intended men to know about the insides of their bodies, He would not have covered them up so carefully. They did not reflect that there might be other reasons; but the spirit in which that protest was made was a spirit of pure anarchy. We have learnt now from science that the more we know, the more beautiful and wonderful it all becomes; and we ought to feel the same about art, which is a perfectly natural development of human minds and hearts.

Thus there is a principle which may be confidently laid down, that art is a vital thing, with a distinct life of its own, and the more that we study the law of its development, the purer and more beautiful our art will become.

Now the art of fiction, as it is to-day practised, may be broadly divided into two classes. The bounding line is hard to trace, and of course the two methods often overlap. But I think it is fair to say that the two opposite poles of fiction are Romance and Realism. There is always a difficulty in dealing with large words like these, because they are loosely used, and gather to themselves all kinds of secondary associations. But I will define the two words as I intend to use them. The Romancer is an artist who deliberately sets out with the intention of representing life as it is not—as he would like it to be, perhaps, and as on rare and heroic occasions it is, when the fire of humanity burns at its highest and hottest. He represents a world which is like our own, in a sense, but unlike it in the respect that it is infinitely more exciting, more vigorous, more interesting, more profound—more beautiful, in fact, with that beauty which the perceptive eye realizes in nature as art. The Romancer arrives at this effect by a deliberate selection of qualities and characteristics, by a deliberate heightening of certain values and depressing of others. He does not aim at the development of character, but at the presentation of sentiment, and his characters become, not inconsequent and inconsistent human beings, but types of qualities.

If I may use a very homely illustration, I would quote the old rhyme of the man who said:

"Hush! I perceive a large bird in that bush!"

When they said "Is it small?"

He replied "Not at all!"

It is three times as large as the bush."

By this simple allegory, I mean to express that the Romancer has a perfect right to his own scale of values. The only necessity is that he should maintain it, and not be deterred into con-

curring with any conventional inquiries. If the bush is life, the living thing which the Romancer perceives in it may, if he so decide, set at defiance all ordinary laws of proportion and probability.

The Realist, on the other hand, aims at presenting life as it is, and character as it develops. He is not afraid, as the Romancer is, of depicting any emotion that might be misinterpreted in a well-bred person. He does not wish to emphasize the driving force of the world, but he wishes to show, in a panoramic kind of way, how lives as a matter of fact do work themselves out, how they triumph, how they collapse. Of course, the Realist has to use selection too, because one cannot treat life in the mass; but his aim is not to represent either life at a high level, or life at a low level. He tries to give the true flavor of it, with its broken hopes, its successes that are often more hollow than its failures, its stolid complacencies, its meaningless sufferings, its baffling mystery. But the essence of the Realist's art is that he has no preconceived idea of what life ought to be or might be; his one aim is to present it as it is.

Let me say, first, that I do not propose to go back beyond the beginning of the nineteenth century. The genesis and evolution of the novel has been admirably traced, up to the time of Scott, by Sir Walter Raleigh; and Scott was the beginning of the romantic movement in fiction. But the difficulty of dealing with the subsequent period is very great, for the simple reason that there has been no artistic tradition of fiction in England at all. The art of fiction has been almost entirely art *malgré lui*. Most of the great writers of the century have not been aware what they were aiming at. It has all been a breathless sort of story-telling, an attempt to depict something of the vast panorama of life, arising, indeed,

from an intense interest in and pre-occupation with life. It was not that the great Romancers of the century did not so much know what they were about, as that they did not realize that there was anything to know. The result has been that there have been writers of overpowering vitality and volume, prodigal of humor and emotion, but with their plots and characters taking the bit in their teeth and bolting, not only unchecked but with the reins shaken out, down all sorts of byways and side-roads, and only recalled to the main journey when the delicious gallop was over. Some romantic writers have deliberately used the novel as a pamphlet to right some social abuse. I do not mean to say that this is to be wholly regretted. The practical reforms initiated and inspired, the crystallization of moral emotions effected by such books, are all valuable in the light of social progress. But I am here endeavoring to keep firmly in view the claim and end of art; and, from the artistic point of view, creation is vitiated the moment that a writer's aim becomes ethical and not artistic. If the end of art is to see life joyfully and ardently, to be conscious of its passions and greatness, to create living figures, to contrast them, to involve their affections and enmities, then little fault can be found with the work of the period; but I take it that this is not the aim. It must all be there, the glow and the passion of it; but the essence of art is self-control, the calculation of effect, the economy of material, the using of no more and no less than is required. But in the nineteenth century in England, neither critics nor novelists had any such conception; their force just weltered out in a broad and irregular stream.

The Romancer, then, in choice of subject and method of treatment, adopts certain definite conventions. To say that, is not to say that such art is

necessarily without life-likeness; life itself, our relation to each other, our behavior and demeanor, our very thoughts, are deeply based on conventions. Any men or women, who have any originality or vitality at all, know that their own interior life, the things that they really and secretly admire, love, hate, despise, are very different from the things which they allow it to be taken for granted that they admire, love, hate, despise. Our behavior to others is largely based, not on what we really feel about them, but upon what public opinion dictates; and public opinion is infinitely more cautious and more respectable than private opinion. The romantic writer and the melodramatic writer—for melodrama is only a coarser kind of romance—adopt at the outset certain conventions. Their characters, as I indicated before, are typical and not actual. They are called by names and designations, but they are much more like the personifications of virtues and vices in Mystery plays than real human beings. The Romancer does not begin by choosing, as a subject, a personality, but a quality. He does not consider how that personality develops by contact and admixture with other personalities, but simply how the personified quality makes clear to the reader what it is that it stands for. The qualities come on the stage like actors, they are well stage-managed, they understand each other and know what is going on. One cannot think of them as having any real existence apart from the scene or outside of the book. They are just true to themselves all through. There is none of the sense of bewilderment, of inconsistency, of unexpectedness, which real life has.

I can make this clearer, perhaps, by illustrating it from the work of the great romancer, Dickens. It is true that the definition does not hold good of all his books; in *David Copperfield*,

for instance, there is more attempt at realism. But take a book like *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which is a pure and simple romance. The characters of *Martin Chuzzlewit* are mere personifications of virtues and vices. There is young Martin, the impulsive egotist; Pecksniff, the scheming humbug; Tom Pinch, the mild, disinterested saint; Mark Tapley, the embodiment of human kindness, and so forth. There is no attempt to develop or analyze character. It is merely a clash of forces. It is life-like, indeed; it has a prodigal vigor and vitality; but it is not in the least like life. A few characters are chastened out of superficial faults, whereas in real life most people only learn to minimize inconvenient failings; but everything happens exactly as it ought to happen, and when it ought to happen; and part of the comfort of the book is the sense that one can depend upon the programme being precisely carried out, without any of the false stitches or loose ends that disfigure most of our lives.

What deceives some people into thinking that Dickens was a realist, and what must not be coolly and critically passed over in his writings, is the immense perception of it all; the zest, the excitement about the minutest details—in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for instance—the luncheons packed in neat baskets, the pews so convenient for eavesdropping, the splendid insolence of footmen, the juicy expectorations of Americans, the glorification of all things heard and seen and smelt. But this is not realism, it is the purest romance. The crusted roll, the limp shirt-collar, the muffin on Mr. Pecksniff's knee, the clenched fist of Mr. Spottletoe held out under Mr. Pecksniff's nose as if it were a natural curiosity from the inspection of which he might derive the highest gratification—all this is the expression of the romance in mortal things. Everything

presented to us is at the top of its quality. Nothing is insignificant or commonplace; the very dreariness of the weltering river-swamp is intense and active. There is no negative existence; all is furiously alive.

The choice, then, of the Romancer's subject is at the root an ethical one. The victory of sentiment is his aim. He has seen, or he has heard of, situations, in which human nature, at its highest and best is heroic—there is so much likeness to life and no more—that is the beauty of which he is enamored, a moral beauty, an emotional beauty. Now in order to develop that beauty, there must be obstacles—fences to jump, rivers to swim—so that one may see one's hero in action, rejoicing in his strength. Thereupon the other forces of the world, the contrary forces of meanness, spite, avarice, vulgarity, chicanery, selfishness, must be arrayed like stage-demons, to be defied and trampled upon. Each of these demons must be habited and presented like a man or a woman, must pay rates and have a postal address. The thing is to name them, to dress them, to make them speak, so that there shall never be any real doubt as to what they are up to. The villains must never be allowed to fall into any unconscious nobility of action, they must never know repentance, but only despair. Their only dread is the dread of being found out. The whole of that mysterious dualism of nature, of which most of us are conscious, that dualism which makes us do and say things which we know to be false and mean, has no existence for the Romancer at all. That is one of his conventions; and the reason why Romance appeals so strongly to most minds is that there is no intellectual or critical judgment required. It sweeps away bewilderment and uncertainty; it confirms us in the optimism which is so stubbornly contradicted by life and life's events. It ad-

justs life to a divine standard with a sort of vigorous Calvinism. It gives us not dim hope, but radiant certainty. That is the enormous power of the Romancer, and that is his temptation as well.

Then there comes in the method of the Romancer; this is all modified by the same idea, and the method follows naturally from the outlook, from the attempt to idealize, to emphasize. There is no attempt at psychological method, no desire to render the strange chemistry which human beings exert upon one another. The essence of the situation is not that character should be studied, and still less that it should be developed; there must be no deflections from what is typical. It may be noted that in romance generally, the hero and the heroine are the most colorless figures in the whole story. The reason of this is that they stand, as a rule, for the simplest and largest of qualities—affection, loyalty, high principle, disinterestedness; and these are not the things that lend color to life. Indeed, it is rather the other way, because the human beings who live on these large lines are generally to be recognized by the fact that they have neither prejudices nor mannerisms. They have no egotism, no scheme of life, no particular ambitions. They are absorbed, as a rule, in other lives, in service, in tendance, in encouragement, in sympathy; and these are the hardest of all characters to depict, because they are often lacking in salient qualities, in humor, in definiteness, in angularity. It is hard to make goodness and guilelessness interesting, and the attempt to represent a flawless character generally ends in a collapse into priggishness, or feebleness, or silliness. Just as Satan inevitably becomes the hero of *Paradise Lost*, and leaves the Eternal Father quite in the cold, so romances which centre about virtuous people shift the interest of

their readers into side-lines. Thus Becky becomes the central figure of *Vanity Fair*, and not Dobbin or Amelia, because it is, after all, imperfection and not stainlessness which evokes human sympathy. It is the movement, the current, the broken water of life, that interest us, not the placid and unstirred pool. The difficulty, then, in romance, is how to individualize the central figures. The Romancer sometimes endeavors to effect this by introducing the main characters at first as disfigured by some superficial fault; some calamity such as an illness or a bereavement intervenes, which strips off the unpleasing attributes. To revert to my former instance, young Martin Chuzzlewit is subjected to discipline in his American experiences, Mercy Pecksniff is exposed to the cruelty of her husband; but the trial over, a new self emerges from the ashes of the old. But there is no real continuity in either case. The purged Martin, the widowed Mercy, have no resemblance whatever to the self-sufficient and condescending young spark, and the giggling charmer; one character is simply substituted for another.

But in the hands of the skilful Romancer, the secondary characters can be more easily individualized, because the object is to produce types with various degrees of unpleasantness. With Dickens and Thackeray, the secondary types have an immense distinctness and vitality. They are full of salient, odious, grotesque, humorous characteristics. But if one looks a little closer, one sees that there is no development about them. One cannot, as I have said, imagine them as having any real life of their own except on the stage. The imagination boggles at the thought of Mrs. Gamp on her knees remembering Mrs. Harris in her prayers, or at the idea of Mr. Pecksniff attempting to draw an architectural design of his own. They only appear in order to

manifest their own characteristics, or to evoke the characteristics of others. They do not affect each other in any direct or indirect way.

And then to go further down, the whole scene, the background of nature, is all a setting for the action. It does not affect the action, it merely contributes to it—every twig and leaf of the wood in which Jonas murders his victim are in at the death, pointing to the soaking blood, infected by horror, alert with significance. The author is behind it all, pulling the strings, controlling, arranging. Nothing has a secret and sustained life of its own; it is all called into being to emphasize the central motive.

Now, in saying all this, I must not for a moment be understood to mean that romance is not true art. It is a perfectly legitimate and admirable kind of art, as long as it is realized by the writer, as long as that is his aim, as long as he knows what he is doing. Where it becomes false art is when the Romancer believes that he is doing something else; and here lies the great difficulty of dealing with so many of the novelists of the century, that they did not always know what they were doing. Sometimes, it is permissible to say, they were trying consciously to be realists, and thought that they were reflecting life when they were really creating it. Sometimes they were each by turns. What was lacking both in writers and readers was any definite theory of art, any precise understanding of the necessity of having an aim and a point of view. But one must not be misled by any vividness of portraiture, any fineness of individualization, into thinking that this subsidiary handling constitutes any claim to realism.

The thing is all full of complexities. What one has to determine, if one can, in the critical apprehension of a work of fiction, is, as I have said before,

whether the central conception is idealistic or not, whether the aim is the development of character or the manifestation of typical quality; and the success of the Romancer from the critical point of view depends upon the extent to which he can enforce an unquestioning acquiescence in his methods on the critic's mind.

But where we suffer, as I have already said, is in the lack of a critical tradition of art. It has been objected that at epochs such as the best period of Greek literature, there is no written evidence of any critical tradition. There is no literature of criticism at the finest period of Greek art; but it is clear that there was a tradition abroad which probably represented itself in conversation. It simply did not occur to anyone to record it. The competition for the production of plays, the mere fact that the finest works of art won an instant recognition, shows that among the Greeks the mental atmosphere was keenly if unconsciously critical. The Victorian age is characterized by immense energy in literature, great volubility, large profusion, tremendous gusto; but it has not been characterized by critical apprehension. The result is visible in the extreme individualism of our great writers, in the want of literary development, in the ready acceptance of base and sentimental writing. Our great writers have been in a sense splendid amateurs, and their books have been breathless and diffuse narratives, full of life and invention and characterization, but without control and economy. I am not now recommending a sterile and pedantic criticism, for ever censuring and stemming the current and blocking the way. What I rather desire is an alert and sympathetic criticism, which does not allow great resources to be wasted and dissipated, but husbands them and makes them effective. For it is certain that art, like all other processes, has

its laws, and the more we can perceive and recognize and admire these laws, the more vital and effective the art will be.

Let me once more attempt to state my conclusions. Romance is a perfectly legitimate form of art. It originates in a perception of life at its most vivid and impassioned moments. It depicts a kind of sublimated humanity; it isolates certain emphatic characteristics and it individualizes them. Then it ceases to have anything to do with life at all. It represents a collision of forces, a battle of types; its aim is not to blur and dim the current, as life is blurred and dimmed, but to make a scenic display of qualities. It succeeds if it carries out its programme. Where the apprehension of it fails is, if the reader is misled into thinking that life is at all like that, and can be lived on such lines. It is true that romantic writers, or men and women with romantic beliefs, may raise the moral temperature of life, but that is not my point here. I am regarding the question from a technical, and of course a narrower, standpoint. But just as the ideal of the engineer is to produce perfect stability in a bridge, without reference to the beneficent results of the commercial products which may pass over it, so the aim of the writer must be to produce a work in obedience to the canons of beauty and of art, without reference to its possible ethical results. If he regards the latter, he may be a great philanthropist, a great moralist, but he is not a great artist; and probably the best way in which the artist can contribute to the well-being of the world is not to concern himself with it at all, but to do his own work as intently, as faithfully, and as directly as he can.

There follows a very serious question, as to whether art has the right to separate itself wholly from moral ideals. Whether it is justifiable to se-

clude oneself in a delightful dream of impossible conditions, and visionary fancies. It seems to me that the question can best be answered by an appeal to the principle which I have tried to indicate—the principle, that is, that there is a vital law of art, and that art is good art in proportion as it conforms to that law. The idea of morality seems to be deeply rooted in our own nation. Some of the greatest writers of the last century have been moralists at heart—Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, Dickens—and a great French critic has declared that the highest glory of English writers has been derived from the seriousness with which they have treated moral ideas in art. One thing is certain, that national art can never develop apart from the vital ideas of the race which produces it. If the artists of a nation become an æsthetic clique, not penetrated by and not sympathizing with the deep-seated forces of their generation, art can never be a real thing at all. The point is not to superimpose an artistic ideal upon a nation, but that its art should develop from inside, and express its own vital ideas. William Morris, who held that salvation came by art, held also that that art was useless which was an exotic thing, the inheritance of a small leisured class, and that it must grow up naturally out of the temperament of the nation.

We must not, then, lay down any rule as to what the artist must or must not do. The only chance for the purity of art is that it must be a sincere expression of artistic personality; but we may expect, I believe, to see that fruitful, vital, genuine art will in Eng-

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land develop on more or less ethical lines, and that the art which will appeal to the English temperament will be art which deals ultimately, if not directly, with moral problems. I do not at all mean by that that art in England will continue to concern itself with social problems—very far from it; but it will have underlying it, and as its basis and mainspring, a consciousness of the duality of human nature, its capacity for realizing the beauty of moral qualities, its strange power of scrutinizing and condemning itself, its power of setting up some ideal, some standard

Above the howling senses' ebb and flow.

I believe that the view which would isolate art from morality is a narrow view, and, if I may say so, a pedantic view. That theory is in reality a protest, a rebellion against the puritanical spirit which would degrade art to the status of a dangerous kind of diversion, and rule out every manifestation of human energy which has not some rigid sort of self-repression in view. That kind of Puritanism is just as much a menace to liberty as any other kind of dogmatic tyranny; but to confuse righteousness with Puritanism seems to me as stupid as to confuse art with immorality.

But we may boldly claim that art exists in and for humanity, and that its authority lies there. We may demand of it that it shall be inspired by the beauty of which Plato said that "it meets the sense like a breeze, and imperceptibly draws the soul, even in childhood, into harmony with the beauty of reason."

A. C. Benson.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

Neither Conrad nor Helga knew how thin the dividing line was in Mr. Byrne's household between the modest comfort of it and the grim threat of want. It was not Conrad's business to know, and Mrs. Byrne had never let Helga's youth be overshadowed by the cares lurking a week or two ahead in case of her husband's illness or dismissal. So that when he seemed to fail, her anxiety was of a different quality from yours, who see in illness some expense and fatigue, possibly some pain, but not a sudden end to your daily bread. For ten years now Mr. Byrne had never had a country holiday, and had never, even for a week, thrown off the sense of living from hand to mouth, that came to him too late in life to sit easily. Indeed, he felt his poverty more acutely as the lapse of time justified his gloomy certainty that never again would he climb the ladder on which men rise above the slough of financial despond. She could look back to days soon after his ruin, when although he was bitter, and bent on solitude, he still saw channels of enterprise within his reach, and fitted to his steering. He had talked about men he knew who, without capital, had imagined rather than seen an opening, had acted on imagination, and by sheer self-confidence and pluck had made it real. But his pluck had gone. A man whose wife and child will starve if he starves sees the folly of risks more plainly than the chances. The berth he occupied brought him three pounds a week, and he sat there year by year growing bent and careworn sooner than men who can look at the future with tranquillity, and at the past with satisfaction. He had never seen a chance of a new venture, or even of a rise.

Helga's idea of her father was of an elderly, sad, kindly man who read his paper while he ate his breakfast (you mustn't chatter at breakfast because it disturbed him), went to the city by an early train and came back so tired that he wanted to go to bed by ten. On Sundays there was no City, but that somehow did not make the day any livelier. You went to church in the morning, you came back to an early dinner, and you read all the afternoon. To be sure reading took you anywhere you pleased, so that you came to tea with shining eyes and your head full of brave adventures in remote romantic lands. If you had been left to yourself you would have been happy, believing, without any reason but with a sustaining hope, that your own flight into some such golden world would happen this year, next year, now; it was the elders who sighed when they talked of the future, and said in sighing, Never!

Helga had known the checks of poverty most of her life but never its worst stings. Like other young people she took her daily bread for granted and did not understand that it was as insecure as her father's health; or that the accident of a moment might place them in sight of actual want. She did not look forward at all or expect her life to change much. Even now that the lantern of love was lighted she thought of its flame with secret joy but not of its effect on her future. Once in a while she would picture herself hand in hand with Clive for better for worse, blessed by priests, for all the world to see. But she would not allow herself to dwell on such a close to their mad venture. For the present its tale was told and ended. She refused to look beyond.

As to the right or wrong of what she

had done she was still in two minds about it. Sometimes she went back to the fog that had shut her in with her man and made the whole world outside of no account. Sometimes it was Clive who joined the shadows, and then his claim weighed as a feather against her duty to her parents. Helga's inner life had become a life of stress and conflict. The lantern she had lighted was not the innocent toy she had meant it to be. She carried it, she rejoiced in it, but the flame of it burned her. Her longing to see Clive had not been stilled but increased. It consumed her, took her sleep and strength away, affected her health. She fought hard against such foolishness, but when a girl fights love the battle will be to the god and not to the girl.

However the lantern served one purpose well. Helga derived light and help from it in her dealings with Conrad, whose intentions became plainer every day. Tante Malchen's letter acted like a key, if the Brynes had needed one, interpreting some of the little things he did and said. He could not declare himself officially yet because his father and mother had both written in the strongest terms urging him to give up all idea of such a marriage. Their objections were ostensibly founded on Helga's connection with Tante Malchen rather than on her want of money; for like most of us they had to learn that people may be of the same blood and yet in nature wholly different. Frau Peters they assured Conrad was one of the most selfish, ill-tempered women who have ever made a worthy man miserable, and to see their only son share the fate of *dieser gute Mensch* her husband, would break their hearts. "*Ach was!*" they said, when Conrad answered by the page, describing Helga's beauty and sweetness; and they wrote to their English cousins again begging them to reason by word of mouth with their

son, begging them if possible to see the undesired siren and report on her.

"It is not our business," said the English Mr. Hille.

"It is not," said his wife. "We can ask the young man to dinner. More we cannot do."

"I hope he will not eat with his knife," said Mr. Hille, "or tuck his serviette into his collar."

So the Hilles, who were established in Holland Park for the winter, asked Conrad to one of their second-best dinner parties and found that he knew as well as any one what to do with his knife and his napkin. They sent him in with Marcella Stair, who was staying with them, and had been present at the superior dinner-party the night before as well as at this one. She had been told of Conrad's peril because it was known that she could see the siren's garden from her back windows, because she had been heard to call Mrs. Warwick a "crank" who encouraged tiresome unprofitable people, and because Lillian Hille was a chatterbox and told any one everything.

"Perhaps he will confide in you when he finds that you are a near neighbor," said the Hilles. "Perhaps, after all, there is nothing in it."

But Marcella's report of what had passed between Conrad and herself was not reassuring. She said that she feared the nice little man really was entangled. He had described the flat in which he meant to live when he was married, and he had asked Marcella's advice about putting English chintzes on German chairs. She had asked him if he was going to be married, and he said he hoped so, soon, and when she took for granted that the lady was a German he replied that she was only half a German by birth but a whole one by virtue of her beauty and goodness. Did she live in Germany? Marcella had asked; and Conrad had answered that she had never seen the

country that had given her a mother and would, he hoped, shortly give her a husband. Then Marcella had mentioned that she herself lived with an aunt in Surbiton, and Conrad had exclaimed that he too lived in that attractive suburb with—but Marcella need not bore Mr. and Mrs. Hille as he had bored her by expatiating on the remarkable qualities of the family he paid for his board and lodging. They had seen the girl themselves at Mrs. Warwick's tennis party and could judge for themselves whether she was exactly—well—exactly—

"Quite, quite," murmured Mrs. Hille. "You see what Marcella means, Gustavus, the girl is—not exactly—"

"How can we translate that into German?" asked Mr. Hille, ponderously.

"You can't," said his wife. "Tell the Senator to get the boy back as quick as he can."

"I suppose you remember the little person," said Marcella. "You spoke to her, didn't you, at Mrs. Warwick's?"

"Perhaps we should call on the young man and see these people," said Mr. Hille; "perhaps if we put it before them in a delicate way—"

"The girl is decidedly pretty," said Marcella, with an air of concession.

In the end it was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Hille should have lunch next Sunday at Surbiton with Marcella and her aunt, Mrs. Stair, and that Conrad should be asked to lunch too. Then if they really wished to see the Byrnes it would be easy for them to ask him to take them round there in the afternoon. Mrs. Hille, who was a blunderer, said she did not wish to thrust these people on Marcella; but Marcella said frigidly that this could not result from the arrangement she proposed. If Conrad made any attempt to acquaint her with them at a later date she would know how to frustrate it. She never knew people she did not wish to know. She thought it silly.

Conrad was surprised when he received an invitation from Miss Stair to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Hille at lunch next Sunday. He showed it to Mrs. Byrne, and running like a mouse into the little trap set for him, he said he would accept it, and invite his cousins to have tea with him in the afternoon; but he would only do this if Mrs. Byrne and Helga promised to be present at his tea party.

"What does it mean?" said Mrs. Byrne to her husband.

"What does what mean?"

"These people, coming here—I cannot help connecting it with Malchen's letter. You may be sure that Conrad's parents have written for further information about us. I feel more certain every day that the boy is in earnest. Yesterday he brought me a great bunch of Parma violets."

"Why does he bring you violets if he is after Helga?"

"Because he is properly brought up. He will not offer Helga flowers until he has his parents' permission to speak to her. When he has that he will first speak to us."

But Mrs. Byrne had the situation to herself. Her husband took no interest in it, and Helga was blind because she would not see. She helped her mother to make cakes for Conrad's tea-party but she apparently did not regard the occasion as important.

"Must I come in?" she said to her mother.

"Without doubt," said Mrs. Byrne, "and make yourself look as nice as you can."

"You'll be sorry you've made your best cakes when you've seen these people," said Helga, "they are not attractive."

"What is wrong with them?"

"Everything. They are overdressed and underbred and not good-natured."

"But they are Conrad's cousins."

"They hardly admit it. They call

themselves Hill—don't forget, Hill—and they'll talk of Eton and Oxford."

"How do you know?"

"I've seen them once, and Conrad mimics them splendidly. Why are they coming? I wonder. They've ignored Conrad till lately. Is Miss Stair coming with them?"

"I know nothing about Miss Stair," said Mrs. Byrne.

"I do. I've seen her twice at Mrs. Warwick's, and I often see her about, but she pretends not to know me. She lives at that house with turrets all over it. Her back windows can see our garden, so I suppose she has seen us hang out our washing."

"What is she like?"

"She has fifty thousand pounds. Mrs. Warwick told me."

"Is that an answer, Helga?"

"It would be to some people. She is tall and fair and handsome and stupid, and she's a lump of edge."

"What?"

"*Hochmütig* then, *arrogant*, with the accent on the end syllable please—it sounds worse."

"Helga!"

"I am sure she would look past Conrad just as she looks past me, so if the Hilles think——"

"Conrad is an excellent young man, and the only son of a wealthy Hamburg merchant," said Mrs. Byrne. "He will have a position that any well brought up *bürgerliches Mädchen* would be pleased to share."

"It is impossible to imagine Miss Stair describing herself as a *bürgerliches Mädchen*," said Helga; "I should dislike it extremely myself."

"You would not dislike a flat on the Alster with every comfort," said Mrs. Byrne.

Helga murmured something about wishing to keep the North Sea between Tante Malchen and herself, but when Sunday came she dressed with care to

receive Conrad's guests. She had some inkling of their state of mind, and no sympathy with it; so she thought it would be amusing to look her best. They arrived rather early, about four o'clock, and Miss Stair did not come with them. Conrad opened the door with his latch-key, and took his cousins into the little drawing-room where he was supposed to spend his evenings. But, he explained, he sat there very little, as he preferred to spend his evenings with the family.

"Isn't it rather a bore to spend your evenings with people of that class?" said Mrs. Hille.

"What are you thinking of, Claudine?" said Mr. Hille in a flurry, for he saw Conrad's face. "Mr. Byrne was John Ashley's partner. He is as good as you or we. At least he was once."

"Mrs. Byrne's father was a celebrated professor in the University of Berlin," said Conrad. "Her sister is Frau Commerzienrath Peters of Hamburg. Mr. Byrne's present position is not brilliant, but that is accidental and may change."

"Accidental is nonsense," said Mr. Hille, "and to talk of change is nonsense. Byrne was ruined ten years ago and will never recover his position now. He went under and he stayed under. Some men do. Nevertheless, as I have told your father, he was once my equal. In these matters one must be fair."

Mrs. Hille glanced at her husband as a good bridge player will glance at the fool opposite him who had just played the wrong card.

"When an earthquake brings a house to the ground you don't consider the house as good as ever," she said. "Financial ruin acts on men as an earthquake does on houses. It makes rubbish of them."

At that moment Mrs. Byrne and Helga came into the room, and there were introductions followed by imme-

diate disaster. Mrs. Byrne innocently began to talk to the Hilles in German. They stiffened visibly and replied in English.

"*Waren Sie neulich in Hamburg?*" she asked.

"We never go," said Mrs. Hille.

"Never," said Mr. Hille.

"We have no interests there now."

"Our sons are at Eton and Oxford."

"The one who is at Eton will go to Balliol."

"The third son is at Sandhurst. He will go into the army, into a cavalry regiment, of course."

"Our daughter was educated at Brighton. She distinguished herself there——"

"As a hockey player," explained Mr. Hille, who observed that this flood of family information was bewildering Mrs. Byrne so much that it did not impress her as it should have done. "Where was your daughter educated?"

"At home," said Mrs. Byrne, and by this time she had taken these people's measure. Mrs. Hille was dressed by Paquin or Polret, but her guttural English was not refined, her glance was derisive, her manner impertinently self-assured. Mr. Hille was fat and common and cheerful. She wondered what Eton and Oxford made of him, but supposed he was one of a species that sent many sons there.

"Have you brought up your daughter to be German or English?" he asked her.

"She speaks both languages," she replied.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hille had been staring hard at Helga ever since she came into the room. Tea had been set ready and, with Conrad's help, she was now making it. He carried a shining copper kettle from the fire and back again.

"Quite English!" said Mr. Hille, approvingly to his wife; but Mrs. Hille continued to stare at Helga through

her long-handled glasses and to stare unamiably.

"Does your daughter do nothing to earn her living?" she said to Mrs. Byrne. "I think it is such a mistake to let great, strong girls idle about at home. It's as bad for them as it is for boys."

"Idleness is bad for any one," said Mrs. Byrne.

"They get all sorts of nonsense into their heads."

"Do they?"

"At the end they get into mischief."

"What employment have you chosen for your daughter?" asked Mrs. Byrne, with an air of polite interest; but Mrs. Hille bridled and looked affronted.

"The cases are not the same," she said, "there is no need for our daughter—she is athletic—she plays hockey, rides, skates. Just now she is in Scotland."

"My cousin tells me his son has been very comfortable with you," said Mr. Hille, putting in his oar. "When he goes back to Hamburg we shall try to find you some one else."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Byrne.

"I should advise a young lady instead of a young man," said Mrs. Hille, her eyes following Conrad's every movement. Helga was now pouring out tea, and he stood near the tray ready to take the cups from her.

"That would not suit us at all," said Mrs. Byrne. "A young man is out of the house all day."

"A young lady would be a pleasanter companion for your daughter," said Mrs. Hille, and she looked so hard at Helga that Helga replied—

"She couldn't be pleasanter than Conrad has been," she said sedately. "He has become one of the family."

Mr. and Mrs. Hille received this information in crushing silence. Their manner became sour and solemn, and the moment their cups were empty they got up to go. Their good-bye to

Mrs. Byrne was frosty. Helga they ignored. Conrad they swept with them into the passage. As he opened the front door they lingered for a few last words.

"Your father is very uneasy about you," said Mr. Hille, "very uneasy indeed."

"You can't wonder at it," said Mrs. Hille.

"I am sorry that he has troubled you about my affairs," said Conrad, stiffly. "There was no need."

"I fear there is great need," said Mr. Hille, sighing.

"If you will come and pay us a little visit, I will ask twenty pretty girls to meet you," said Mrs. Hille. "In England they are as plentiful as blackberries."

"Come and spend Christmas with us," said Mr. Hille.

"I am going to Hamburg for Christmas," said Conrad.

The Hilles looked surprised. "Are you indeed?" they exclaimed. "Perhaps, then, you will stay there altogether."

"Who can say?" asked Conrad, and accompanied them down the steps to their car which waited for them in the road.

"We have done no good," said the wife, as they sailed away. "That minx will get him, and really, from what you tell me, he might have done for Lillian."

"The boy has eyes," said Mr. Hille, shaking his head.

"Why wasn't the father there? Isn't he presentable?"

"He's proud. I cut him once, just after the crash—didn't want to be bothered, you understand—and now he looks the other way when we meet."

"I wonder what will happen."

"What would happen if one of our

boys wanted to make an impossible marriage? The old Senator isn't mad. He won't receive a girl without a penny. If he is wise he will say to Conrad what I should say to Reginald and Algernon. Well and good! Do it on your own. From me, not a penny."

"And suppose they did it?"

"They wouldn't," said Mr. Hille; and his wife, knowing Reginald and Algernon, felt that her husband was right.

But Conrad went back to the house in a fume, and finding Mrs. Byrne by herself in the drawing-room, astonished her greatly by stamping his foot at his departed guests, tearing his mustache at them, and using long picturesque swear words under his breath in German.

"But, Conrad," she cried, "what is the matter?"

She had a heavy tray in her hands, and was just going to carry it out of the room.

"I think you know what is the matter!" he cried. "I think you know that I love Helga and desire to marry her."

"*Aber*, Conrad!" exclaimed Mrs. Byrne. "Is this a moment, is this a way to make a declaration of such importance?"

"I can't make it officially till I've seen my father," said Conrad. "That's why I'm going home for Christmas. I must reason with him. You know I am at present dependent on him."

"Then at present you should keep silence," said Mrs. Byrne.

"I will, I do, to Helga. But these people came to spy—and were rude."

"That does not matter," said Mrs. Byrne. "The world holds such people, but as a rule one can avoid them."

"I am furious," said Conrad.

"Then come and play Beethoven," said Mrs. Byrne.

(To be continued.)

EUROPE AND THE MUHAMMADAN WORLD.

BY SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G. C. M. G., K. C. B.

The invasion of Tripoli by Italy has once more brought to a critical point the political and social relations between the leading European States and that large section of the white, yellow, and black peoples who profess the faith of Islam, and who are thus to some extent—but not perhaps quite so greatly as arm-chair students of political geography believe—united against the policy and the civilization of Christian Europe.

On the face of it, this sudden attack by Italy on the territory of another European Power without warning, so to speak, without recourse to open negotiations or any reference to The Hague tribunal, has shocked a great many people, Christians as well as Muhammadans. Except on the plea of political necessity, it is indeed difficult to defend the action of Italy, and we are forced to shudder at some of the results, such as the carnage among the unarmed inhabitants of Tripoli and its neighborhood. Indeed, academically, Italy's action is without any logical defence. But from a practical point of view the Italians seek to justify their abrupt declaration of war on the grounds that if they had delayed taking an action which they have long contemplated, and which after all is one of the revenges of history, they would have found the Tripolitan and Cyrenaic territories placed virtually under the control of one or more European Powers, and to a great extent abstracted from any possibility of eventual dependence on the Italian peninsula. How far true are the allegations to be read in the Italian Press, and the stories which I have recently heard from one or two Italian diplomatists, I cannot say; but the allegation which has already met the eye of the English reader in the home and the Con-

tinental Press is that both German and Austrian subjects had been promised by the Porte vast concessions in the two North-African provinces of the Turkish Empire. If Italy, it is argued, had waited till these promises became accomplished facts she would have seen the interests of the two great central European Powers so strongly ensconced in the Tripolitaine that she would have been powerless to push them on one side, nor would she have had any assistance in that direction from either France or Britain. Italian publicists allege that Austro-Germany for the last two years has been contemplating a commercial and political intervention in the affairs of the Tripolitaine, which if unhindered would have led in course of time (under one or other of those diplomatic subterfuges which have so often stood the European Powers in good stead in their attempts to break up the Turkish Empire with decency) to the creation of a German sphere of influence extending from the coast of Tripoli to the heart of the Sudan, and, by some friendly or unfriendly arrangement with France, to the connection of this sphere of influence east of Lake Chad with the hinterland of the German Kamerun and the frontier of the Belgian Congo.

If Italy has any ground for such assertions as these (which began to take a very definite form about a year ago when the constitution of an Austrian scientific mission to the hinterland of Tripoli was announced) it would be as well if her publicists or statesmen clearly set forth their allegations, so as to give the Turkish Government a chance of repudiating them if it is able to do so. Because the only excuse which Italy can give for her outrage on international law would be to show

that if she had failed to take action immediately after the raising of the Morocco question by Germany, she would have had later on to acquiesce in the *fait accompli* of an Austro-German sphere of influence on coasts of the Mediterranean immediately opposite her shores. Undoubtedly such a position as this would have been detrimental to Italian interests, would have forever hemmed in Italy as a second-class Power with no chance of expansion. That, at least, is the Italian point of view, though it may be getting somewhat out of date, since a good many thoughtful people in Germany, as elsewhere, are beginning to ask whether to become and to remain a great Power in the world, with wide-spread interests and a strong voice in the world's affairs, it is necessary to hoist the national flag across the seas over alien lands populated for the most part by races not of European affinities or descent, and consequently more or less unwilling subjects of an intruding European nation.

It is quite possible that far-seeing Germans not taking such an ultra-modern view have entertained the possibility of creating a sphere of influence over Tripoli, Cyrenaica, Fezzan, Tibesti, Kanem and Wadal, which would give them within two or three days' steam of Trieste a gateway into the heart of Africa. They too, then, like Britain in Egypt and France in Mauritania, could have built their trans-Saharan railway to the Kamerun and to that Belgian Congo in which they have strong commercial and sentimental interests. They may even—why should they not?—have contemplated the possibility of Belgium finding her colonial empire too heavy to be borne, and of Germany replacing her (with due regard to British interests) in the Congo Basin; and even of Germany taking up some special position in regard to Angola, such as the British have

adopted towards Portuguese South-East Africa. Indeed, I may as well be frank and say that I have met with not a few Germans influentially placed in the commercial and political world who, in putting aside as impracticable an actual German protectorate over Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, have sought to satisfy the very legitimate longing¹ to found a vast German Empire in the undeveloped regions of the world, by projecting such a dominion to commence with Tripoli on the north and to finish with German South-West Africa on the south. Various developments which have taken place in the Nearer East, and perhaps most of all the solid obstacle to German expansion in that direction offered by the compact and powerful kingdom of Hungary, have somewhat cooled—perhaps only for the moment—the German ardor for any colonization of the Nearer East, and may have turned German attention once more towards the creation of a united and vast empire in the central parts of Africa. Consequently, the

¹ So far as any right to the exploitation of an undeveloped region can be acquired by dint of peaceful, permitted scientific research, Great Britain had the best claim to interfere with Tripoli; for it was, first and foremost, British subjects and officials who at the expense of the British Government or out of their own resources revealed the geography of the Tripolitaine, the eastern Sahara, the regions round Lake Chad, the lower Shari, and the eastern Niger. But if Britain was first, Germany was a good second, especially after 1869, in which year the great explorer Nachtigal was despatched by the Prussian Government to Bornu. The names of many famous German explorers—Overweg, Vogel, Barth, Nachtigal, von Bary, Krause, Rohlf, Zintgraff, and a host of young contemporaries—are associated with the revelation of the geographical features, ethnography, languages, biology of the Tripolitaine, of its hinterland, of the Libyan Desert, the Tibesti Mountains, Lake Chad, and the Shari basin. And the present feeling of bitterness in Germany that so much of the results of these investigations should go to Italy (who has done little or nothing in this field of research) is at least understandable. Germany has had very bad luck in the allotment of colonies; she did so much to discover and lay bare the southern half of the Congo Basin (though not more than Britain), and yet it has been Belgium which has been endowed with this wealthy territory.

abrupt action of Italy has nowhere been received with such hot indignation as in Germany. Austro-Hungary with Balkanic ambitions, which if brought to fruition by the assistance of Slav and Hungarian forces may be realizable, has soon recovered her equanimity, and is already beginning to look upon the Italian annexation of the Tripolitaine as an episode which was inevitable sooner or later.

Whether Italy will prove to be capable of the task she has imposed on herself is a very different question. Little is known, or at any rate very little has been published, about the present condition of Eritrea, but several German travellers, and I believe one or two Englishmen, have not given a favorable description of the present results of the Italian annexation of the Abyssinian coastlands. Italy's attempt on Abyssinia itself was, as we know, so crushingly defeated that its renewal seems beyond the bounds of practical politics. Italian Somaliland shows as yet no such achievements in colonization as can be put to the credit of French Somaliland, or to the development of arid territories such as German South-West Africa or the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. But the Italy of today is a more thickly populated, more prosperous, better governed kingdom than was the Italy of the eighties and nineties. And it is possible that the Italy of the Lombards and Goths, if not the Italy of Rome and Naples, may produce soldiers and administrators, engineers, chemists and agriculturists who will do for Tripoli and Cyrenaica, the Saharan hinterland and the Tibesti Mountains, what France has already achieved in Algeria and Tunis and British officials in Egypt and Nubia. At any rate, Italy, whether or no she has made a false step, must now go on with the task to the bitter end at no matter what cost in men and money, for if she were to confess failure and

withdraw, the results would be catastrophic throughout Africa and the Orient. The victorious expulsion of the Italians from North Africa by the Turks, Arabs and Berbers would quite probably be followed by a native rising against British control in Egypt, by revolts against the French in Tunis and in Morocco, by an aggressive attitude towards Christians in Syria and Asia Minor, which would compel the intervention of the Great Powers, and by similar movements in Nigeria, the Sudan, Arabia, Afghanistan, and India, such as would tax severely the resources of the British and French Empires. Nor would either Austria or Germany profit eventually by such a renaissance of Muhammadan independence in Asia Minor and Constantinople or in Mesopotamia; and Russia would feel the effects in Central and Western Asia and in Northern Persia.

It is very hard to have to write in this style against the 230,000,000 of people—many of them of Caucasian race²—who profess the Muhammadan faith. Sixty millions of these people, physically speaking, are quite as well worthy of regard as the handsomest and most vigorous nations of Europe. Some of them are of the same racial stocks as the Christian Europeans with whom they are in conflict at the present day: they are Goths, Italians, Greeks, Albanians, Circassians and Slavs, whose forefathers have had Islam forced upon them as a compulsory religion, but who though retaining in an improved form the physical beauty or superiority of the European, have the warped mentality of the Asiatic and the African. In India it may be said almost without exception that the best-looking,

² It may be roughly computed that there are 230,000,000 Moslems at the present day, of whom about 80,000,000 in Europe, North Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, Afghanistan, and North-West India belong, more or less, to the Caucasian sub-species, 44,000,000 to the Dravidian mixed race, while 70,000,000 are Mongols, and 36,000,000 are negroes and negroids.

strongest, most warlike, and in some directions most enterprising element in the native population, and that which is the least fettered by foolish customs, is the Muhammadan. With the exception of 2,300,000 of Sikhs and 100,000 of Parsis, the really go-ahead, advancing tribes and peoples of that marvellous empire belong to the Muhammadan faith. Sixty-four millions of Muhammadans in India occupy a position of wholly disproportionate importance to the 210,000,000 of Hindus, though if a truthful aspect of the Indian problem is to be presented, it must also be mentioned that 2,300,000 Sikhs count in our purview of the future of India for more than, let us say, 20,000,000 of Muhammadans. It is quite as important for the British at the present day that we should have the whole of the Sikh nation on our side, profoundly convinced as they are of the merits and advantages of British rule, as that we should have ten times their number of Afghans, Baluchis, Panjabis and Hindis as our allies.

Nevertheless the loyalty, the friendship, the co-operation of the whole mass of the Muhammadan citizens of the Indian Empire—some 64,000,000 in number—is a most important asset and may well count for much in the cogitations of British statesmen when they weigh the advantages or disadvantages of siding with Turkey or against Turkey, or by an impeccable neutrality gaining neither friend nor foe in that direction. Yet it would indeed be a pity to purchase the assured loyalty of the Muhammadan Indians by restoring anywhere the uncontrollable political pre-eminence of the Muhammadan religion, or taking any step which should diminish the power for common action of Christianity against the non-Christian world. The only hope of ultimate reconciliation between Christianity and Islam and of the raising of the peoples now Muhammadan to absolute equal-

ity, intellectual and social, with the leading Christian peoples, lies in "the defecation of Islam to a pure transparency" through which may penetrate the only real value yet discovered in religious development: the actual teaching of Christ and of some amongst His immediate disciples. The greatest foe of Islam is undenominational *secular* education, and at present this is impossible of attainment in any professedly Muhammadan school, college, or university. All human knowledge, especially the most marvellous development of the human mind in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, has to be subjected to the intolerable sieve of the narrow mentality of Muhammad, an illiterate, uneducated, bandit mystic³ of the seventh century A.C.

The mind, the outlook and the principles enunciated by Muhammad and by those immediately around him during his lifetime and after his death are illustrated by the Koran. The Koran has been translated into English several times since the first version published by Sale in the eighteenth century.⁴ At a relatively small cost any reader of this Review can purchase a faithful translation of the Koran into English (or into German or French). In the original Arabic it is written in a kind of doggerel verse scarcely superior in music, in clarity of utterance or beauty of thought to the crude translations by Burton in his "Arabian Nights" of the Arab poems woven into

³Objection may be taken to the author's definition of Muhammad as a "bandit-mystic." Yet let any impartial student read the latest, most accurate, and not unsympathetic summary of the life of Muhammad in the 11th edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (to say nothing of the standard biographies of this religious reformer) and then ask himself if the term bandit-mystic is unfair.

⁴Sale's translation, first published in 1734, is rather a paraphrase and abridgment than a scrupulously faithful translation, such as that by E. M. Wherry in four volumes, finished in 1886. E. H. Palmer's translation, in two volumes, published at Oxford in 1882, is a useful rendering.

that miscellany. In both cases the desire to end up each sentence with a rhyming syllable governs to a great extent the direction of the thought and the quality of the utterance. The Koran traditionally represents the utterances of Muhammad as heard and taken down by various scribes, prominent among them a Christian Abyssinian slave. Muhammad was an entirely uneducated man so far as first-hand knowledge of the then existing literatures of the world was concerned, or any experience of the world outside the limits of Western Arabia. He derived his knowledge of the Hebrew Bible from oral information imparted by Arabian Jews, and his conceptions of Christian tenets from Ethiopian slaves. He was a man, if you will, of an original genius, and not without great thoughts and great ideas, even though he was probably unable to read and could barely write his name. But he was a dreamer and a self-deceived mystic, who, while on the one hand he wanted to make a position for himself in Arabia, and—the appetite growing with eating—sought to transform the successes of a bandit into the foundation of a kingdom, nevertheless really desired to promulgate a new gospel to his Arab kinsmen and their slaves. Like many of his fellow-countrymen at that period, he was disgusted with the puerilities of Greek and Egyptian Christianity, and was in no mind to adopt the negation of the flesh so strongly characteristic of the odious transformations of Christ's Gospel which took place in North Africa and Syria under the influence of Greek, Persian and Syrian casuists. On the other hand, though greatly inclined towards Judaism, which at that date was receiving into its fold those North Africans and Arabians who were turning against Greek and Latin Christianity, he disliked the personal character of the Jew—that character which has so fre-

quently in the history of the last two thousand years marred the spread of Jewish influence, often of a very noble and purifying nature, in sociology and religion. So Muhammad evolved a religion which was neither Jewish nor Christian, but appertained mostly to the faith and teaching of the Jews. The Koran, like the book of Mormon, was a kind of parody of the Old Testament, combined with the first public utterance of Arab and Babylonian variants of the Jewish myths and genuine historical records.

If I might submit the question to the arbitration of an international court composed of impartial agnostics (many of them nominal Christians, nominal Muhammadans, or religionless Japanese), I do not hesitate to say that the verdict would be that there were very few sentences in the Koran which deserve quotation or which shine with that striking, convincing beauty of truth and practical application which characterizes—whether we wish to admit it or no—so much of the wording of the gospels and epistles on which the Christian faith is founded, or the Psalms and the prophetic and poetical utterances gathered together in the Hebrew Bible. If there is any gem of undoubted lustre in the Koran it is borrowed more or less from the sacred books of the Jews or the Christians, or, much more rarely, from the Magian religion of Persia.

At its very best Muhammad's teaching only inculcated a modified form of personal cleanliness, almsgiving to the poor, abstinence from wine, and honesty in trade. Incidentally, it led to some improvement in the treatment of children, as its influence abolished cruel customs of abandoning unwanted female children; but its view of the position of woman was lower than that taken by the Hebrew teachers, and far inferior to that inculcated by Christianity. In Islam lustful man was to find

for thirteen centuries a warrant for polygamy and an excuse for uncontrolled sexuality. The greatest disadvantage which attaches at the present day to Islam as a world force is the inferior position to which woman is relegated; and as the woman is the mother of the man so this unequal position of the sexes in religion and society inevitably influences the mentality of the man to whom the woman gives birth. The Jewish religion still assigns to woman an indefinite and scarcely honorable place, since women are excluded from the public functions of religion. But Muhammadanism is far worse in that respect, and it is very doubtful whether Muhammad believed or inculcated that women had souls equally with men. In a general sense they are excluded from the public manifestations of religion, except when they come forward to be married to a man or to be divorced from their husbands.

It goes almost without saying that the whole story of the Koran and the bulk of its teaching are incompatible with the pronouncements of modern science. So also—a Muhammadan reader of this article may observe—are the earlier books (or the books which are assumed to be earliest in composition) in the Hebrew Scriptures; so likewise are most of the dogmas of Christianity, which, though finding little or no place or justification in the New Testament, nevertheless now form an integral part of almost all manifestations of the Christian faith. I admit these impeachments at once. But somehow or other Jews and Christians have found a way of evading the trammels of their religious beliefs where these, in process of time, grew to be inconvenient or out of harmony with the enlargement of man's outlook and the firmly based revelations of science. The Roman Catholic Church has persecuted here and there, intermittently, the two

daring speculators of the Middle Ages, and even of the later centuries down to the twentieth; and yet this religion encouraged learning of a sound order, was not incompatible with the founding of astronomical observatories, anatomical schools, botanical, linguistic, and zoological research. The Popes of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries did much to encourage the exploration of Asia and Africa and to secure the publication of travellers' reports. I should not like to argue that the Roman Church has always acted throughout its history with a twentieth century outlook, or that it has not often checked the advance and freedom of scientific investigation, has not occasionally punished with imprisonment, torture, death, or social ostracism thinkers that were too advanced for the age or the area in which they lived. But similar cruelties and stupidities can be laid at the door of the Protestant branches of Christianity—Calvinists, Lutherans, and Presbyterians—who made a fetish out of the Hebrew Bible, who were just as much opposed—perhaps even more than the Latin Christians—to sanitary and social reform, while they attempted from time to time to strangle the arts, to introduce and to maintain a tyranny in the limitation of man's pleasures which was nearly as bad as the intentions and accomplishments of the Wahhabi sect of the Muhammadans. Yet the Roman Church from the sixteenth century onwards steadily set itself to discourage and to alleviate slavery; it gave an enormous impetus to painting, sculpture, architecture, and music; and it founded hospitals, encouraged the study of languages, created museums, and laid the foundations of the modern drama. From out of the Protestant Churches came such splendid achievements in philanthropy as the work of the Moravian missionaries, of the Quakers, and of the Bap-

tists—work which has really been the foundation of all modern reforms in social and international philanthropic legislation. The Greek Church, indeed, has had a poor record beside the civilizing work of Western Christianity. It wages no war against alcoholism, and it stimulates the persecution of the Jews. Yet Christian Russia, with all its drunkenness, its political faults and shortcomings, stands on a much higher level of civilization and well-being than Muhammadan Turkey.

In short, judged by the test of output in the way of science and art, literature, material well-being, control of disease, sexual morality, public works, subdual of recalcitrant nature, can any comparison be sustained between the countries professing the Christian religion or governed by Christian nations and the lands which still remain more or less independent under the sway of Muhammadan rulers? On these lines is there any sustainable plea of equality between Hungary and European Turkey, Spain and Morocco, Greece and Asia Minor, Italy and Tripoli, Afghanistan and British India, modern Persia and modern Caucasia? The language of the Christian Magyars and that of the Muhammadan Turks are nearly related in origin, and the Magyars and Turks came from the same ethnic stock; but in the course of history one became Christian and the other Muhammadan. Can any impartial critic maintain that the two peoples at the present day are on the same level of civilization, or place alongside Hungarian achievements in art, music, architecture, literature, biological science, engineering and political government similar achievements on the part of Turkey?

I do not overlook the fact that when Greek-, Syrian-, and Egyptian Christianity was stifling science and killing all the arts but architecture, the Arabs, Persians and Berbers under the flag of

Islam saved some branches of Greek and Roman culture from perdition, revived and extended Greek researches into medicine, chemistry, and mathematics, preserved some Roman notions of engineering and hydraulics, and developed from out of Byzantine architecture exquisite designs in building and in mural decoration. But it must be remembered that most of the great names in the golden age of Islam between the eighth and the thirteenth centuries were not those of people of Arab or Turkish descent, but of Jews, Persians, Berbers, Copts, Greeks and Italians, whose conformity with the Muhammadan religion was that of more or less unwilling converts, if indeed they did not by special favor retain the profession of Judaism or Christianity.

The Arabs and Turks by degrees killed all that was noteworthy in Islamic culture. The Arabs have remained to this day as ignorant, arrogant, and semi-barbarous as they were in the days of Muhammad. It is true that in contrast with naked and absolutely savage negroes they have appeared to be a civilizing element in Tropical Africa, to which they have conveyed several useful domestic animals and a variety of cultivated plants, besides elementary notions of decency and comfort. But in matters of architecture, for example, the Arabs have done little or nothing to help Africa. The beautiful Saracenic architecture of the north was almost entirely developed and spread by Copts, Berbers and Persians; and it is only since the seventeenth century that this architecture has penetrated at all into the Sudan, the remarkable "Fula" (Songhai) style of building which prevails throughout Nigeria from Senegal to Lake Chad being of pre-Islamic and Egyptian origin. When the rule of the Arab in North Africa had come to an end (a change which really began to take

place in the eighth century) the Islamized Berbers, with many checks and interruptions caused by Arab invasions in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, revived the arts—especially architecture—and civilized amenities of life till they had raised the North African kingdoms between Tunis and Morocco to a state of well-being and efficiency nearly equal to that of contemporary Spain and Italy; just as Persia had a remarkable revival under the Sufi dynasty of Shih Muhammadans. But in both cases the Turks—more especially the Ottomans—came on the scene and spoilt everything. Greek, Latin and Slavic culture throughout the Balkan Peninsula, the Greek promontories and islands, was drowned in blood by the Turks during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the same period the revived civilization and art of Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt and Mesopotamia (developed by the Persians, the Seljuk Turks, Circassians, the European crusaders, and the Genoese and Venetian traders) were laid in ruins by the same bloody hand. The history of Egypt from the Turkish assumption of sovereignty in 1518 to the invasion of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1798 is practically a blank so far as human achievements go, a miserable period, during which public works fell into ruin, population decreased by millions, and the desert gained steadily on the cultivated land. Equally dreary is the history of Greece under Turkish rule, from the time when the Venetians were driven out of the Greek islands and the Morea to the proclamation of independence in 1821. The same can be written of Servia under the Turks, of Bulgaria and Macedonia, of Syria (until Napoleon rudely called the attention of Europe to that historic land), of Rhodes, Cyprus, Crete, and Asia Minor. What happened to Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli after they were conquered by Turkish pirates and became

dependencies of the Turkish Empire? Complete alienation from contemporary advance in Mediterranean civilization (except as regards shipbuilding), a relapse into semi-savagery of life, a further decay of irrigation works, a steady increase in the destruction of forests, a diminution in horticulture, and a serious advance of the desert sands.

It is true that Morocco fared little better under the Sharifian dynasty of negroid sultans, but Morocco has been a semi-savage country from prehistoric times onwards, large portions of it never having been conquered or assimilated by the Romans, Arabs, or Islamized Berbers. Yet in some respects independent Morocco prior to the French conquest of Algiers in 1830 remained more in touch with European civilization than the adjoining parts of North Africa ruled by Turkish pashas, colonels and soldiers. Tripoli, like Tunis, had in the early eighteenth century detached itself almost completely from Turkish domination under dynasties which, though of Turkish origin, had in course of time and intermarriage become practically native to the soil. Under the Karamanli princes Tripoli in the early part of the nineteenth century entered into very friendly relations with Britain, and through this friendliness British expeditions were enabled to penetrate easily across the Sahara into Bornu and Nigeria. But in 1835, frightened by the French seizure of Algiers and the independence of Egypt, Turkey despatched an expedition to Tripoli which brought the Karamanli dynasty to an end, and for the first time in history made Tripoli and Barka real provinces of the Turkish Empire, instead of semi-independent countries acknowledging the political and religious overlordship of the Sultan of Turkey. In all reality the Tripolitaine has only formed an integral part of the Turkish Empire since

about 1845.⁵ Its capital was taken and its hinterland conquered by force just as Italy is now attempting with no more legal right to annex it to the Italian dominions. Fezzan, Ghadames and Ghat, so far as direct rule goes, have been added to the Turkish dominions at a much later date. But the sole and only use which Turkey has made of the Tripolitaine has been as a recruiting-ground for negro slaves. From this region caravan after caravan has found its way with arms and ammunition supplied from Turkey to devastate or assist in devastating the regions of the Central Sudan, in order that convoys of slaves might be sent across the desert for distribution over the Turkish Empire. Not a single one of the still discernible magnificent public works of the Roman Empire has been restored to utility, no fresh well has been dug along the desert route, and many an old water place has been allowed to crumble and disappear under the desert sands. Tripoli, as a town, contains a few very beautiful mosques, but these date back to the more or less Berber rule and civilization of the Karamanli pashas; the public buildings actually constructed by the Turks themselves being ugly or paltry. Morally speaking, Turkey has no claim whatever to the Tripolitaine any more than the man in the parable of the Ten Talents had to the talent which he wrapped in his napkin.

By the test which this parable so strikingly illustrates, not only is the human population of the world carried on, but the whole development of life, subject to such slight modifications as arise from the application of other Christian principles. Are we so foolish as to imagine for an instant that if "White" Australia were not defended by the whole force of the British Em-

⁵Owing to native insurrections and guerilla warfare, the Turks were not really masters of the Tripolitaine for ten years after they displaced the Karamanli pashas.

pire, and if it did not make every reasonable effort to colonize Australia with white people of good physique, the integrity of that island-continent would be respected by Germany, France, China, or Japan? France herself is almost stationary in regard to increase of population, and has shown some relative weakening in power since 1871. What is the result? The steady immigration into France—"peaceful penetration"—of Germanic and Italian people, and a pressure, not unconnected with threats of force on the part of Germany, that France shall open her oversea possessions to German trade without the qualification of protective duties. Holland evinces some lack of energy or capital in developing the marvellous resources of her East Indian Archipelago. What follows? That German and British subjects, with their capital and their energy, are establishing themselves in these regions. Holland governs well and offers no opposition to foreign enterprise in her colonies, consequently there need be no suggestion of coercion in the matter. Spain and Portugal both attempted to close their colonies to the commerce of other nations, and what has been the result, direct and indirect? Not a single square mile of America flies the Portuguese or Spanish flags at the present day. And Portugal will only be enabled to maintain her vast African Empire by allowing the fullest scope to the commerce of all the world. Italian action in Tripoli has been immoral, an outrage on international law; but it is doubtful whether Italy is more blameworthy for what she has done than Britain was in bombarding Alexandria and occupying Egypt, France in invading Morocco, Germany in taking possession of East Africa, or Russia of Northern Persia.

Yet there is an international conscience, but by some fatality it seems to apply only to nationalities that are

professedly Christian; and despite this conscience it is only the limitations and the balance of power which have hitherto prevented France or Germany from dividing or controlling Belgium or Switzerland, Austria from annexing Servia, or Britain from enlarging British Guiana considerably at the expense of Venezuela—an achievement which we should certainly have accomplished fifteen years ago but for the intervention of the United States, and an achievement which would have immensely benefited such portions of the vaguely defined Venezuelan territories as came under the British flag.

No civilized man or woman wishes to revive any idea of religious persecution or disability, except it may be in regard to such religions or religious tenets as by international opinion are voted to be indefensibly cruel and harmful to human development. There is some good in Islam and there is a great deal of nonsense and rubbish attached to Christianity. No European Power that has achieved predominance over a country essentially Muhammadan has, since the eighteenth century, persecuted Muhammadans by forbidding polygamy or compelling them to abandon any of their rites or ceremonies. Muhammadans are free to travel all over Christendom. They may without danger, even without insult, enter any Christian place of worship. Can the same be said for the holy places of Islam whither at the present day no Christian may go except in great personal danger and disguised as a Mu-

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hammadan? What about the attitude of the Muhammadan Egyptians towards the Copts of Egypt, Turkish treatment of Christian Armenians, Christian Syrians and Macedonians? We can never hope to make Christians of the Muhammadans by employing force in any form, even by the application of conditions of social disability. Perhaps, indeed, Islam may never precisely range itself under the banner of Christ, just as the Jews will go on for a century or so pretending to ignore the greatest Jew (if he was a Jew) in history. Similarly, during the same period much that is excrescent, outworn, pagan, and open to doubt, will drop off from European Christianity. At the rate at which the world is now advancing all civilized peoples in the Old and New Worlds may be agreed fifty years hence on a common basis of religion, the Service of Man; but in the meantime it behoves Muhammadans throughout the world to look closely into the tenets and practice of their faith, and ask themselves whether Islam has conduced to the advancement of their forefathers and to their own present political and social well-being, and whether—however superior it may be to the moonshine of Buddhism and the nightmare nonsense of Brahmanism, the ancestor-worship of China, or the fetish idolatry of Africa—it is a religion which can maintain a people at the same high level of civilization as that which exists throughout Christendom.

THE AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER.

One of the less happy products of the commercial age is the trade of book-writing which has sprung up under the shadow of the art of literature. It is largely the discovery of the publisher,

who found, when a sufficient number of important books was not forthcoming, that he could keep the machinery of his business employed in the production of books of an ephemeral type,

books frankly written to meet a demand reported by the booksellers, and having no other origin than the desire on the part of both author and publisher to earn a little money. As a natural result of this frank and open commerce, the relations between author and publisher have been rendered somewhat acute by greed on both sides, and by the absurd convention which insists that such a starkly commercial transaction as the selling and buying of a certain number of sheets of ink-covered paper should masquerade under the forms of a literary enterprise and partnership with which it has nothing whatever in common. There is no particular problem to-day connected with the publication of real literature; publishers are delighted to have it. It is not in the publication of literature, but in the trade of book-making that the root of bitterness has sprung up. We hear a great deal about the sins of the publisher to the author; agencies and societies exist for no other purpose than to point them out and protect the author against them, with the result that the irritation is constantly worked up and kept open, since it is a source of considerable profit to these agencies and societies. But we do not hear so much about the sins of the author to the publisher. No society exists to protect the publisher from the vanity and ignorance of the author; and the public is always on the side of the author. Anyone will believe anything against a publisher, but who would believe a publisher against an author?

II

I have taken a considerable interest in this question, and both as an author and a publisher's reader have had opportunities of examining it from both sides. Since my income is derived solely from writing, and not from publishing, I am naturally on the author's

side, but I am bound to admit that in most of the cases of discontent and jealousy which exist, the wrong is on the side of the author. It is quite commonly supposed by the world at large that publishers are a dangerous set of criminals, only evading the law by their cynical and consummate dexterity in the manipulation of accounts, who in reality sell immense editions of every book they publish, but only account for a small number of copies to the author. And it is seriously believed also that, except for the vigilance of societies and agents, authors would all be starving in the gutter, and publishers would all be millionaires. But I know more rich authors than publishers.

There is indeed a great deal of nonsense thought, talked, and written about the matter. An author who gets a royalty of a shilling or one and two-pence on a six-shilling novel can never really get it out of his head that five shillings is going into the pocket of the publisher and a shilling into his pocket. What are the facts? The publisher, to begin with, has to find the money for printing the book and take the risk of having half the edition on his hands as unsalable. But supposing that he sells every copy that he prints, and that he gets three and six-pence from the bookseller, and that it costs a shilling to print and bind the book, that leaves two and sixpence to cover advertising, office expenses, travelling, trade copies, and profit. Take a conservative estimate, and say that the publisher prints and sells a thousand copies of the book and spends fifty pounds on advertising it. That is a shilling a copy, and the uninitiated do not realize what a little way fifty pounds will go in advertising a book which the author expects to see announced in the advertising columns of at least four weekly papers, and of any daily paper which he happens to take

up on any given day. Let us suppose that all the copies printed of the novel are sold, and that the author gets about sixty pounds for it. (I am sure it is as much as it is generally worth.) Yet if he gets a paper in which it is not advertised, and sees that other books are advertised, he complains bitterly: "My books are not advertised," he says. He goes to the bookstall of a wayside railway station; his eagle eye at once detects the absence of his own work. "They have every other book there, but not mine," he complains. Then he goes to his friends and says, "If my book had been properly handled and advertised I know that it would have had a big sale." This is the kind of argument which is unanswerable, which is grossly unfair also, and which tends to maintain the attitude of suspicion on the part of authors towards the publishers. Or take another case: a book has a *succès d'estime*, but it has no great sale. Some of the most talked-about books of their day (not novels) have not sold more than a thousand copies. In this case the author, having achieved fame through his book, and finding it constantly talked about in the small circle in which he moves, feels sure that there must be some mistake about the sales. "Everybody has been reading it, then why have only a thousand copies been sold?" The greater his success of esteem, the more suspicious he is of the publisher who had the courage and discrimination to risk the publication of a book which he thought would probably be well spoken of, but which he knew could not be widely sold.

III

Then there is the terrible question of the date at which accounts are made up and cheques paid. The author is astonished because he does not receive the proceeds of the sales of his book until perhaps seven months afterwards.

And he fondly imagines that during those seven months the publisher is spending the royalties and living on the earnings of the innocent author. Again let us look at the facts. Say the book is published in January; the bills for printing, binding, and paper-making are due to be paid on the following April. Probably the book is not sold largely to the country booksellers until March or April. The country booksellers take six months' credit, and do not always pay promptly then, and often pay in the form of bills and post-dated cheques, which means that much of his money is not received by the publisher until, say, the following November, during all of which time he is lying out of it. It is simple arithmetic of this kind which the author is so unwilling to acknowledge.

In many a case of the ephemeral kind of novel which I have been describing, the publisher would prefer to pay the author his fifty or sixty pounds down for the full rights of the book, and take the risk and have done with it, without the trouble and expense of rendering elaborate accounts. But again, the suspicious author will not have this. Over a quite worthless library novel he talks importantly about "reserving the copyright," with the fond idea that his grandchildren may possibly derive a handsome annual income from it. Of course, even in the ephemeral library novel, there is always the chance of a hit; there is also the chance of a dead miss, in which case the publisher loses the fifty pounds he has risked, as well as a part of his outlay. On the whole the chances are more in favor of the miss than the hit; but if a book that has been sold outright for a small sum ever does make a subsequent success, everyone hears about it. In such cases it is not unusual for publishers to make a further and quite gratuitous payment to the author; but I have yet to hear of

the author who, having received payment in advance for a book which proved a dead failure, ever proposed to return to the publisher all or any part of the sum paid. So far as the author is concerned, he deliberately chooses to make sure of his fifty pounds rather than take the risky possibility of receiving more or less from royalties, and if the book turns out better than was expected, the publisher, who took all the risk, has a right to the increased profit.

IV

This kind of thing only applies, of course, to the tradesman book-writer whose work has a run for a few months and then is happily nevermore heard of; but there is another habit common, I am sorry to say, among serious authors which does not tend to improve the relations between the publisher and author. I refer to the habit of constantly changing one's publisher with the idea of getting a slightly better price. This seems to me ethically wrong and also commercially foolish. I am writing now of authors whose works have a permanent value and a permanent sale. In the launching of such books the publisher often expends more capital than it is immediately profitable for him to do; but he spends it in building up that author's name and reputation, with the idea that the result will be reaped in the sale of future books for which he is thus preparing the way. But if the author takes his next book to another publisher, that capital spent in building name and reputation is lost—or rather someone else reaps the profit of it. Moreover, publishers (and here the fault is on their side) will often pay an author a somewhat fancy price in order to get his name on their list—a price greater than his present publisher can afford to give him, and greater than they themselves pro-

pose to continue giving him for future books. This is an undoubted temptation to the author, and seems to me a short-sighted kind of policy on the part of the publishers. There ought surely to be some kind of professional understanding amongst publishers, that if an author who is known to have published regularly with a certain firm offers a book to another firm, the second firm should make it their business to find out what were the author's arrangements with the original publishers and why they have been abandoned.

For the author who writes books from any serious motive, and who wishes them to live, the plan of sticking to one publisher is far the best. It is to that publisher's interest to keep all his books going and to see that none of them lapse; it will often be worth the publisher's while to issue a new edition of one work out of, say, a list of ten, because each book tends to help the sale of the others; whereas it might not be worth his while to issue a new edition of that work if it were the only one in the list.

Of course it is the agent who is responsible for this hawking about of an author's works from one publisher to another. Literary agents have many uses—chiefly in the handling of negotiations with foreign publishers, and they are also useful in the case of an author who has a very large income derived from a great many books. But the ordinary author has no business to employ an agent to intervene between him and his publisher. One does not employ an agent to deal with one's tailor or one's doctor, neither is one constantly changing one's tailor or one's doctor. The author should choose his publisher at least as carefully as he chooses his tailor or his doctor, and, having chosen him, should realize that the relationship is not a duel, but a partnership, and that the interests of

the publisher are identical with his own. Other things equal, choose a publisher with a small list rather than a big one; the success of each book will matter to him more and receive a greater share of his care and attention. This also is common sense; but again such is the vanity of the author that he prefers to see his name in a publisher's catalogue which contains five hundred

The Eye-Witness.

other names, many of them being rapidly forgotten, than to be one of a small company, the success of each of whom is all important to the publisher.

These are only a few cardinal points about authors and publishers, but there are many others, which perhaps I may be allowed to deal with some other time.

Filson Young.

THE 'RICKSHA BOY.

(CONCLUDED.)

Christmas came round, and he was half-minded to wait about near the church for a sight of the girl with the Christmas face, but he chose instead to ply for hire in the Chinese quarter of his district, for he felt that if the thoughts that Christmas brought him last year had been acute, this year they would be intolerable. When he reached home in the evening, the voice of the river at the foot of the little garden seemed to have gained an inviting note. It spoke of a blessed oblivion, where tired brain and muscle might find rest.

One day Ah-sing took his 'ricksha out and met a man hurrying towards the station.

"Go quickly. I am late!" he cried as he stepped in.

Ah-sing picked up his shafts and raced off, his sandalled feet flying over the ground. The fare was merciless. "Qui-quity dzo—quickly go!" he repeated, and the 'ricksha tore along. They caught the train by a hair's-breadth, and the coolie turned a wet, white face as he held out his hand for his money. He mopped his brow with the little 'ricksha towel. The few extra cents that the man gave him did not avail Ah-sing much. He tore open his coat to the cold air and sank down upon the foot of the 'ricksha with closed eyes.

"Lean back," said a coolie waiting near, who had himself experienced being over-driven. "Lean back and spread out your arms."

Ah-sing did as he was recommended, and presently he regained his breath, stood up, nodded to his fellow, and went off slowly down the road. No more 'ricksha pulling that day. He went home to Wu, lay upon the k'ang, and turned a deaf ear to the call to supper, though he watched from a distance, rather enviously, Wu eating both shares of the rice. In the early morning the heat oppressed him, and he kicked off his quilt, stretched up a hand to the paper window and broke as many panes as he could reach; and a moment later regretted that he had done so, for he became shiveringly cold. Conscious of a rising temperature, he lay and shook, wondering whether this was going to be the end. Later in the day Wu came and stooped over him, and Fielding thought that he was Al-lerton, cursed him for a faithless friend, and then suddenly clung to him, crying, "No, no, old man. I didn't mean it, because, you know, you may be dead!"

Wu felt his pulse carefully at the right wrist and then at the left, told him that he had fever, and that he would cure him; and fetched his cousin to assist. They lit the k'ang stove

with kowliang stalks and brought a big copper-bottomed wooden basin which they filled with water and onions and set upon the fire. By-and-by a piercing aroma ascended, discernible even to Fielding, who considered it unfeeling of Wu to boil onions on a day when he felt too ill to live. As soon as the cauldron simmered the two Chinese wrapped Fielding in a couple of quilts, dragged him across the k'ang, and, taking off the wooden cover, laid him over the bowl so that his chest acted as a lid. They propped him there securely and put a bit of wood under his chin so that it might not drop down upon the hot edge of the earthen stove. Then they went back to their boat-building.

The hot fumes billowed around Fielding and warmed him gently and gradually. At first the heat was grateful enough, but as the fire in the stove burnt up and the onions began to burble and gurgle beneath him the scalding moisture permeated his wrappings, until he felt that he would be drowned in the reek of it. His arms were fast at his sides. He could not move or even raise a shout. He could only scratch helplessly with his toes upon the k'ang and gasp in miserable impotence, while Wu's hammer tapped in the distance.

It struck him that he was wedged here just as firmly as he was fixed into his Chinese life. Once he had been a man with a will of his own, free to roam the earth. Then he had been a tolling ant that ran over a restricted area. Now things had become so circumscribed that he could not lift his arms. Presently they would narrow again—to the limits of a coffin.

The hot air seemed to scald and flay him. In desperation he told himself that he would not bear it for another moment, but strive as he would he could not escape from his position, so he was obliged to endure. The steam,

however, drew the fever out of him, and the strength went with it, leaving him limp and wretched, but on the road to recovery. As the fire died down the heat became less unbearable, and he was just swooning off into rest when Wu entered, wrapped another quilt round him, and mercilessly filled up the stove.

Wu and his cousin ate their rice beside him, unconcerned, and went out again to finish their day's work. Fielding thought that he was going to die—hoped it, and just when it seemed almost possible, the two men returned, burrowed into his wrappings to feel his pulse, and then lifted him off the stove. They tore away the wet quilts, swathed him in dry ones, and rolled him as if he had been a mere log to the farther end of the k'ang, where he remained for many hours in blissful drowsiness.

And he had dreams of home, of ineffable happiness among his own people, in a golden world of light and smiles, where no echo of the past ever reached him. It was a sad shock when the face of Wu broke through them, forcing him to a realization of the k'ang and the little earth-floored room, unlovely in the gray morning. He endured starvation all day in cheerful patience, but when another gray morning broke, and he saw Wu eating his early rice, he sat up, feeble but determined, and requested his share.

A day or two later Wu told him that there was a liner from Hong Kong at the mouth of the river, and bade him take his 'ricksha down to the jetty where the tenders came in, and make up for lost time by charging some newly arrived foreigner double fare.

Fielding trotted slowly to the little pier and watched the launch arriving. There was nobody who especially engaged his attention: a handful of men who looked all alike, a naval officer in uniform, and two ladies who

were being met by a missionary. Fielding ran his 'ricksha into line with the others, and stood patting the cushions, and crying, "Licksha, licksha!" He thought that one of the ladies would be the easiest fare and give him least work, and tried to catch her attention by inquiring, "Wanchee licksha?"

"Do you see that man?" said the missionary, pointing at Fielding with his stick. "He's an opium-smoker."

"How thrilling!" said one lady; and the other asked, "But how do you know?"

The missionary answered them both, "I am afraid that you wouldn't think it thrilling if you lived among them as I do. I know it by the look in his eyes and his cadaverous face. All opium-smokers have that expression. It means that they are pretty far gone too."

"But he's so different from the others, and much handsomer."

"That's the Mahomedan type,—big eyes. He'll be from the north. A little Tartar blood in him, I daresay."

"What a pity he's an opium-smoker!"

"Yes, it's very sad; but with an open-air life and plenty of exercise he'll hold out better than some of them do."

The good man turned and addressed Fielding, who, knowing only the sort of Chinese spoken by Wu and his associates, could understand but the words "big smoke." He shook his head. The missionary repeated the question, but Fielding was saved from the necessity of replying by a man who approached from behind and stepped into the 'ricksha. Without looking at him or asking his direction, Fielding lifted the bar between the shafts and swung off.

It was now dusk, and lights were beginning to wink in streets and houses. The 'ricksha boy toiled along the straight road until the walking-stick of his fare touched his left arm, and

he turned down a street in that direction. They came to a bit of rising ground, and Fielding panted up it, thinking that he would rather have the little lady who said that he was thrilling than this heavyweight.

"Can't you get along a little faster?" said the fare. "Qui-quity dzo!"

These were the words that he had been dreading to hear, and an unexpected terror was added to them. The voice was so like Allerton's that Fielding became possessed by the idea that Allerton was in the 'ricksha,—come back from Hong Kong, or the grave, or wherever he had been, to drive him up hills faster than he could go. In vain his brain told him that there is a great likeness between English voices, and that he heard them too seldom to judge of different tones: he was convinced that the man behind him was Allerton, and felt inclined to throw down the shafts and run. The day was over when he had wished to meet him face to face and demand an explanation; he would rather escape unrecognized if he could. Once at the top of the slope he ran his fastest, feeling that it would be better to drop dead from exhaustion than be discovered. It was past lighting-up time, and he stopped at a booth by the roadside to borrow a match and light the paper lantern. Then the toe-strap of one of his rope-sandals broke, and he paused again to take them off and thrust them behind him.

"Can't you get along at all?" asked a cross voice.

"Shi—shi," he answered breathlessly, running on.

But he had not gone far before he trod on a piece of sharp tin that he had failed to see, and it cut his bare foot. He sprang quickly aside, jerked the 'ricksha, recovered it and himself, blundered on for half a dozen paces, and then fell headlong. He took the shafts down with him, and the fare

tumbled out into the road. The latter rose to his feet, indignant, abusive, walking-stick upraised. The 'ricksha boy walked quietly to a lamp-post and leant against it. He measured the other man up and down with his eyes. The stoutish, overcoated figure was Allerton; the voice was Allerton's; the face with its angry eyes belonged to Allerton; and the menacing attitude was simply Allerton out of temper with an inferior.

The 'ricksha boy sank down upon the edge of the pavement. He was still breathless. He wrapped his arms round his knees, laid his face down upon them, and said, "Catchee other piecee licksha boy. My no can do."

"Nonsense," said Allerton, his first rush of words over. "We're very near the house now. Come along."

"No can do," said the boy. "Catchee other piecee——" He shifted his face unwarily, and the lamplight fell upon it. He saw Allerton looking at him intently, and their eyes met. "Other piecee licksha boy."

Allerton advanced towards him, knocked cap and queue from his head, stared again, and said "George!"

"Go away!" cried Fielding, his voice almost a shriek, "I'm nearly through with it now. I'm nearly done. You wouldn't pull me back? You wouldn't add that to your cruelty?"

Allerton took him by the shoulder, saying, "Don't. Don't!" And George Fielding laid himself down upon the curb-stone and hid his face.

That night there went a wild tale through Shanghai that a foreigner had been seen pulling a 'ricksha in which sat a coolie. But the thing seemed so improbable that no sane person gave credence to it.

Fielding came to himself to find that he was entering a house with a Chinese servant on one side of him and All-

erton on the other. They went into a lighted room and he leant up against a tall piece of furniture, laid his head back against it and closed his eyes. The face of the Chinese boy was so full of curiosity that Allerton dismissed him, and then stood waiting for Fielding to speak.

The floor heaved beneath Fielding's feet, and he held on tight to the book-case behind him. "We're on board ship," he thought. "Now, how does that come about?" There was a table laid for dinner in the middle of the room. "It's not very rough or they'd have put on the fiddles, and there's Allerton; he doesn't seem to feel it. No, it isn't a ship."

He was extremely puzzled to know not only where he was but who he was. He had thought that he was George Fielding, abandoned by his friend who had now come back to him. But as soon as he had decided this point, and had begun to repeat to himself "George Fielding," in order to get the fact established in his mind, the word "Ah-sing" flew to his brain. His left foot hurt him. He stooped and looked at the cut, since the floor had stopped rolling, and dabbed it with his little towel. He turned and read the names of the books upon the shelves, and that brought him back to George Fielding again. He was utterly bewildered, for he knew that he ought not to be able to read English while his fingers played in the meshes of the 'ricksha boy's towel. With a gleam of enlightenment he remembered the stewing over the cauldron of onions in Wu's hut. Half of this double life was a reality, the other half a dream. The vital point was, which was life and which nightmare? It seemed to him that George Fielding was the older, and had a better right. He put his hand up to his forehead, saying aloud, "Wu should have fed me, and then I shouldn't have been so light-headed."

Allerton was genuinely distressed, but he had sense enough to give nature a free hand when she demanded it, and forebore to worry Fielding into activity, though he was most anxious to bring the episode to a close. After about four days of sleep Fielding awoke, much rested and tolerably clear-headed. He dressed with wonder at the cunning of his hands, and presented himself before Allerton.

"So here you are! Feeling better?"

"Oh, I'm all right, but still a bit mixed. There are lots of things I want to ask you."

A shadow went over Allerton's face.

"Don't worry yourself with asking questions yet," he said. "It will all come back to you very soon."

"Yes, but there are two or three things that I want to know. For instance, is it morning or afternoon?"

"Afternoon. Four o'clock."

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Since Saturday. This is Wednesday."

"A record, I should think. What month is this?"

"March."

"March. And you went away in the autumn,—October, I believe. Allerton, before I try to disentangle things, I must tell you how disgustingly I've misjudged you. I thought that you had left me in the lurch and never meant to come back again. I imagined you living comfortably somewhere, with no thought of me. I didn't mean to do you an injustice, but the time seemed so long—like years and years. Can it only be five months?"

Allerton looked at the pinched face with its furrowed brow and vague eyes, and thought that a fib would be safe.

"That's all," he said. "But I don't doubt it seemed long. Of course I would have come before if I could."

"Old man, I ought never to have

doubted it. I ought to have known you better."

Again the shadow crossed Allerton's face. He had come to Shanghai upon his own business, and it is probable that his sluggish conscience would have slept until the crack of doom awoke it had he not chanced to step into Fielding's 'ricksha. Some day Fielding would know it all, and would realize how basely he had been deserted. As soon as he looked at a newspaper and began to remember dates he must learn the truth; but Allerton devoutly hoped that this might not happen until after they had parted. He could not meet his friend's eyes for very shame, and the sight of the bewildered face hurt him acutely. He was half-minded to throw himself upon his knees, confess, apologize, tell how he loathed himself, and that he would never be able to hold up his head again until he had been pardoned. But a meaner feeling restrained him, whispering that there was really no need to do all this when a fib would save his self-respect.

"It's very odd," said Fielding. "I could have been certain that there had been two Christmases. And I remember two sowings and two harvests. Strange what tricks one's brain can play!" He stood looking down upon the hearth-rug. "When I was a boy," he said, "I remember reading a story about a man who somehow got shut up inside a tomb, and he couldn't get out or make anybody hear. And it seemed to him that he was there for days and days—since he had no way of measuring time—and he nearly starved. And then he found a candle-end in his pocket—though why people should go about with candle-ends in their pockets I can't imagine!—and he ate that, and it kept him going for perhaps another day. At last his friends came to look for him, and found him inside the tomb. And how long d'you

think he had been there?—about five or six hours!" And he began to laugh.

Allerton had another struggle with himself. At that moment the liar's purgatory was his, but he could not face its burning gateway to get out of it. So he went on with his lie.

"Just so! A parallel case! Lose count of time even for a moment, and waiting seems like ages."

"It did. And if you hadn't assured me that it was only five months I shouldn't have been surprised to hear that it had been two years."

Allerton moved uneasily. He got up and fetched a match-box.

Fielding looked round the room.

"Why, there's that bookcase," he said. "Now, where have I seen that before. Oh, that night, I suppose, when I first got here. And the carpet, too."

His left foot was bootless. He lifted it and felt the sole tenderly with his hand.

"Have you hurt yourself?"

"Yes, cut my foot. But it's better. It'll be all right now that I can keep it clean."

"How did you do it?" Allerton asked, his eyes watching narrowly.

"Can't think. Running. But that's absurd, running without a boot! But I was running, I know I was." He put his hand to his chest as if he were breathless, felt upon his arm for the coolie's little towel, and then pushed his hand up his sleeve for a handkerchief. "I know I've been ill. I'm quite sure of that, and I may have crocked up worse than I know, and all the mad dreams—ha, ha!—"

"Sit down," said Allerton, rising.

Whiffs of memory, tantalizing, evasive, floated by just out of his reach. He laid all his faculties upon the trail, but with no success. "I nearly had it that time," he said. "A lamp-post somewhere, and a very cold pavement. But it's gone. How absurd it all is.

Oh, Allerton, I'd give something to know where I've been and what I've been doing during these last five months!"

"Don't try to think," Allerton said anxiously. "Leave it all alone, and in a few days' time you will remember everything. Now I want to know what you are going to do. Don't you want to go home?"

"Home?" The longing of all those months sounded in his voice.

"Yes. Are you going home, or are you going to live out here?"

"Allerton, I've nothing in the world but what I stand up in, and that belongs to you!"

"Nonsense, you remember our compact?—That the one who got work first was to help the other." (Words forgotten until this moment came into his mind, "Not a pipeful of tobacco until the two are reunited.") "Well, I've got a billet. I'm arranged for. I can take your passage home and give you a cheque for fifty."

"I shall be able to pay you back, but it will be a matter of time."

"No need. The first to get work was bound to help the other. Have you forgotten?" Fielding had forgotten completely. "So you see I am bound to provide for you. We both agreed about it at the time."

"Thank you, Allerton. Then I'll take it and be grateful to leave these happy shores. What about yourself? You found something to do pretty soon, I suppose?"

Allerton had dropped into an excellent billet the very day that he arrived in Hong Kong.

"Yes, pretty soon," he said. "Of course I had to work hard, but I'm all right now. I can get on."

The door opened, and a Chinese boy said glibly, "Plecee Chinaman wanchee talkee master."

"Who is it?"

"No savvy."

"Show him in."

Wu entered, newly shaved and plaited and dressed in his best. He bowed vigorously to both men, and then renewed his bows towards Fielding. Some half-recollection of him began to tease Fielding, and Allerton closely watched his friend's puzzled, irritated face.

"Yes, yes. I seem to know you. What is it?"

Wu said that his poor feet were not worthy to enter this hall of light, this palace of the august ones, and that it was only the smile of Fielding's face (which was very grave) that gave him courage. He went on to wish Fielding ten thousand happinesses, ten thousand riches, long life, and sons to worship at his grave.

"Funny thing," said Fielding. "I didn't think that I knew so much Chinese. I can understand everything that he says. He's congratulating me upon something,—my recovery to health, I think."

Wu's face seemed to grow more and more familiar, and Fielding suddenly said, "He reminds me of onions! How or why I can't imagine, but it's a most unpleasant recollection, and I hope that I shall never see him again. Have you two sovereigns on you? Would you give them to me? I feel that I'm under some obligation to him, though I can't think what it can be. He must have done something to help me in my shady past!"

He rose to his feet.

"How the smell of onions haunts me!—boiling onions, bubbling and steaming like the very pit!—a hell of onions and hot steam and damp wrappings!"

"I wish you'd sit down!"

Allerton pushed him into a chair and then handed a couple of notes to the Chinese, with a curt nod.

Wu went down upon his hands and knees and touched the ground with his forehead. Ah-sing had paid for his

board and lodging weekly with punctilious care, and now he was giving a "kumsha" such as Wu had never seen in his life. It was certainly a good thing to befriend foreigners. Wu's judgment had not been at fault. He made many flowery speeches, but did not depart. He fixed his eyes upon Fielding, and as soon as his glance was returned, asked, "And what of the 'ricksha?"

"'Ricksha,—'ricksha?" A look of bewilderment came again into the white face as Fielding explored his memory for some clue. "What 'ricksha?"

"Your 'ricksha."

A wave of enlightenment came over him. He glanced at his feet as if he expected to see the rope-sandals, and looked into the palms of his hardened hands.

"You may keep the 'ricksha, old uncle, as a reward for all your care of me, and if I have paid you well, requite it to some other poor one."

Down went Wu's head again upon the floor. Fielding turned to Allerton.

"You were only just about in time," he said. "I've been pulling a 'ricksha!" And he did not know that Allerton was already aware of this.

When Friday came and the homeward-bound P. and O. lay at the mouth of the river, Allerton did not go on board with him, but saw him off from the jetty.

"You're sure you've everything you want?"

"Yes, thanks. All's in order, and once aboard the lugger—I!"

"Here's your pocket-book. Your ticket's in it and my cheque. It's all correct."

Fielding slipped it into his pocket, saying, "Thank you, old man; I owe you a deal."

"No, you don't. You don't owe me

anything. Now take care of yourself, and try to pick up on the way home. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, old man, good-bye!"

Once more the water, opal-colored, uncertain, beautiful, widened between them. Fielding remembered its alluring murmur as he had heard it from Wu's back-garden; it sang another song today. A stiff breeze blew up river and he buttoned his coat. Flags were flying from the offices on the Bund; the little trees were tossing their branches. 'Rickshas passed swiftly along the level road in an unending procession; barrowmen trundled slowly. And Fielding remembered that he was a man again—no longer a toiling ant, but free to journey across the world.

He did not open his pocket-book until next morning, when he handed over his ticket. Allerton had tipped heavily on board the tender, and Fielding's needs were supplied almost before he was conscious of them. He sat on deck in a long chair, watching a steamer passing by. The good sea air blew up at him, buffeting his face and filling his lungs. The long even roll soothed him as if he had been a child in a cradle rocked by a mother's hand. His face was lined and his hair was rather gray, but there was a deep contentment in his eyes and in the set of his lips.

He took out the pocket-book and opened it. There was an envelope from Allerton. It was too thick to contain only a cheque, and he wondered what Allerton had found it necessary to write about. As he tore it open the deck-steward appeared, saying, "Eleven o'clock, sir. Take a cup of beef-tea?"

"It would be rather a good idea," he answered, wondering what Wu would have thought of three square meals a day and beef-tea at eleven, and how many of China's starving population could be supported on the food thrown

over the stern of the ship at the end of the day. When the man returned to take away the cup, Fielding watched his clean capable face for the mere satisfaction of looking at an Englishman. The steward tucked a rug round his knees, put a box of matches within reach, and went away. Fielding lit a cigar in slow luxury and then opened the envelope. The cheque came out first; it was written for a hundred pounds.

"Now Allerton oughtn't to have done that, even if he could have afforded it. He's much too good. He shall have half of it back again."

He read the letter—

*My dear Fielding,—*I've got to write to you, and don't know how to do it. Look at the date of this letter and then remember the date when we came down the Yangtze, to Shanghai. It's a year and five months. I don't know how it happened that I never wrote to you or sent you any money. Driver took me on first thing, and I've been getting a good screw all the time. Then I met his daughter, and very soon we were engaged, and I had to work jolly hard or Driver would never have had me for a son-in-law. We're married now. I think I forgot you at first, and then when I remembered I took it for granted that you were all right, for I knew that you always fell on your feet. But I loathe myself for what I have done. If you ever feel that you can forgive me, do let me have a line, for I am miserable about it: I suppose you think that after the way I've behaved I shan't care what happens to you, but I should like to hear that you get home safely and well. You must think what you will. You can't think worse of me than I do of myself. Good-bye, Fielding.—Yours,

F. Allerton.

Fielding sat very still with an extinct cigar in his hand.

"Then there were two Christmases," he said. "I wasn't so far out as I thought."

His hand clenched upon the letter and the lines in his face deepened. Then his expression relaxed.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Poor old Allerton! It may not have been altogether his fault. He was never any good in a tight place,—and the broken reed does not know how it pierces the hand."

Philippa Bridges.

THE TENNYSONS AND THEIR CIRCLE.

AN Olympian figure, cast in a Homeric mould which won the praises even of that arch-grumbler Carlyle, Tennyson has long been acknowledged as one of the finest of men as well as poets. He had friends worthy of him, a circle such as had not been seen in England since Johnson's day, though he did not follow the sage's advice concerning keeping friendships in repair. He had, too, something of Johnson's gift as a talker—the freedom from cant, the happy, unconventional touch, the art of saying much in a word or two. The hero-worshipper expects these memorable sayings from a great writer, and as often as not fails to hear them. The "Memoir" of Tennyson by his son showed this terse felicity of the poet, and "Tennyson and his Friends," the work of many hands, supplies more of admirable quality which we are glad to have before memory fades. It was high time to publish the volume, for already the past has become dim for some of the contributors. In his brief "Preface," Lord Tennyson speaks of the recent death of three admirable scholars who have done much for this book—Henry Butcher, Sir Alfred Lyall, and Graham Dakyns.

Tennyson was fortunate in the time of his passing; one cannot imagine him moving in the present world of journalists zealous to appease "the many-headed beast" with all sorts of trivial personalities regarding the eminent.

* "Tennyson and his Friends." Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan & Co.)

Round him, as round other classics, has gathered a great cloud of comment and conjecture, sometimes good, but more often careless and futile. His poems have become school-books long since, and their wealth of allusion has been traced by editors and critics. Thus the details added here concerning the poems reprinted as being addressed to various friends have mostly been discovered by the industrious admirer. It is well, however, to have them verified with authority, and all these personal tributes are among the best of Tennyson's work, worth reading and re-reading.

When we come to examine the 500 odd pages of the volume, we are a little disappointed to see so much that we knew already. Was it, for instance, worth while to reprint from so well-known a series as Dr. John Brown's "Hornæ Subsecivæ" the account of A. H. Hallam? Sir Norman Lockyer's short article on Tennyson's scientific side is republished from his recent book on the subject; and Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, Mr. W. G. Ward, and Sir James Knowles all supply reprinted comment. Perhaps the reading public of to-day has too short a memory to be sensibly disturbed by some of these repetitions, but we think the editor might have saved us some familiar comments and stories, things *satia vulgata*, and sometimes in a better shape. Dr. Butler need not have described as "a rather gushing lady" the well-known author who published

years since the story about "Maud, Maud, Maud," representing the "caw, caw, caw" of the rook, and not the nightingale. Here we expect a cross-reference to FitzGerald's letter to Tennyson (p. 120). With his usual freakish independence of view, he objects:—

But wait—before I finish I must ask why you assure Clark of Trinity that it is the *rooks* who call "Maud, Maud, &c." Indeed it is the *Thrush*, as I have heard a hundred times in a summer's evening, when scared in the evergreens of a garden. Therefore:

Rooks in a classroom quarrel up in the tall trees caw'd;

But 'twas the thrush in the laurel, that kept crying, Maud, Maud, Maud.

FitzGerald's "Recollections of Tennyson" are excellent, but the note below says that some of them have appeared in the "Memoir." The same remark applies to much that is noteworthy here. A few of these repetitions are recognized, but many others are not, and two contributors are allowed more than once to give the same story. An instance of familiar matter is the note concerning the place where "Break, break, break," was written ("Memoir," i. 190). Once we read that "Crossing the Bar" came in five minutes; again, "That poem came to me in five minutes. Anyhow, under ten minutes." Twice we read a verdict concerning Shakespeare's sonnets and plays (p. 145 and p. 265); and twice we are told that Tennyson disliked the word "Beschützer" in Goethe (p. 265 and p. 275). The notes on Macready's mistaken view of "Out, out, brief candle," and Tennyson as a school-book have been extant in the "Memoir" for years (i. 268 and i. 16).

The book, in fact, deserved more careful editing as an addition to the "Memoir." But the "Memoir" had an excellent Index; this volume has none. Lord Tennyson ought to repair this serious omission at the earliest opportunity. In Sir Norman Lockyer's book

there was no Index either. Such treatment might serve for an ephemeral volume of gossip, but is hardly to be expected in a book of permanent worth.

An admirable section is that by Mr. Charles Tennyson on the brothers Frederick and Charles, the one a fiery spirit deep in revolt against the world, and only needing sustained power to be a fine poet; the other a man of "an almost saintly patience," working hard in his country parish and polishing his sonnets slowly to perfection. Frederick's letters are full of spiritual thought and fury against the world. At one time a convinced Swedenborgian, he perpetually thundered against the "frowzy diatribes of black men with white ties—too often the only white thing about them." He growled at the critics all his life, and at society too:—

The "high-jinks of the high-nosed" (to use another phrase of his) angered him, as did all persons "who go about with well-cut trousers and ill-arranged ideas." The consequence was that his acquaintance in Florence long remained narrow.

Emily, Lady Tennyson, described by Sir John Simeon as "a piece of the finest china, the mould of which had been broken as soon as she was made," supplies slight but charming reminiscences of her early life. The gaiety of youth was somewhat tempered by a rigorous aunt, who produced a certain little riding-whip for small hands, a fool's cap for dunces, and needles to prick fingers when needlework was not well done.

Mr. Aldis Wright on James Spedding is excellent, and sketches a fine picture of his sagacious and Socratic figure, adding abundant measure of letters which show that the intellectual circle of friends were not above chaffing each other. Spedding himself is half-ashamed of his bald head, and likes to wear a hat in the pit of the

theatre. His determination to make the best of his powers and his indifference to money are shown in a letter on his leaving the Colonial Office. In 1842 he went to the United States as secretary to Lord Ashburton, which drew from FitzGerald the following comments:—

You have, of course, read the account of Spedding's forehead landing in America. English sailors hail it in the Channel, mistaking it for Beachy Head. There is a Shakespeare cliff, and a Spedding cliff. Good old fellow! I hope he'll come back safe and sound, forehead and all. Not swords, nor cannon, nor all the bulls of Bashan butting at it, could, I feel sure, discompose that venerable forehead. No wonder that no hair can grow at such an altitude; no wonder his view of Bacon's virtue is so rarefied, that the common consciences of men cannot endure it. Thackeray and I occasionally amuse ourselves with the idea of Spedding's forehead; we find it somehow or other in all things, just peering out of all things; you see it in a milestone, Thackeray says. He also draws the forehead rising with a sober light over Mont Blanc, and reflected in the Lake of Geneva. We have great laughing over this."

In this article and elsewhere we light on pleasant glimpses of Hartley Coleridge, who was less of a born preacher and moralist than most of his distinguished family. It was he who stole a joint of meat from Wordsworth's larder for fun. He was certainly unconventional. Once he was

asked to dine with the family of a stiff Presbyterian clergyman residing in the Lake district. The guests, Trappist fashion, sat a long time in the drawing-room waiting for the announcement of dinner. Not a word was uttered, and Hartley was bored to extinction. At last he suddenly jumped up from the sofa, kissed the clergyman's wife, and rushed out of the house.

Tennyson thought him "a lovable little fellow," and no doubt enjoyed his departures from propriety, as he did the reply of the coachman who, asked what sort of place Winchester was, replied: "Debauched, sir, debauched, like all other Cathedral cities."

We leave readers to enjoy the new stories of Tennyson, but one instance of his remarkable powers of observation we must give, as recorded by FitzGerald:—

He had a powerful brain for Physics as for the Ideal. I remember his noticing that the forward-bending horns of some built-up mammal in the British Museum would never force its way through jungle, &c., and I observed on an after-visit that they had been altered accordingly.

Truth to tell, the poet was somewhat spoilt, and the prevailing reverential tone of the reminiscences is a little cloying. There are, however, hints that his temper was not always equable. Spedding speaks of Alfred as "very gruff and unmanageable," and we read, though not for the first time, the corrective comment of that clever woman and photographer, Mrs. Cameron, when the bard was sulky and would not see some Americans she had sent up to him:—

Having made her way to Tennyson, she said to him solemnly, "Alfred, these good people have come 3,000 miles to see a lion and they have found a bear." He laughed, relented, and received the strangers most courteously.

After all, the poet had a good deal to suffer from visitors and letter-writers. As Spedding remarked, "Time leaks in a gentleman's house," and Appendix C gives a selection of the attempts of applicants to secure autographs, criticism of their own poetry, of course, and other forms of help. Perhaps the boldest admirer is a gentleman "often supposed to be your noble self," who

wears "a large Tyrolese felt hat." He had been requested to appear at a grand summer party as "Lord Tennyson," and adds:—

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Could your Lordship kindly lend me any outer clothing, by Thursday morning at latest? a cloak, &c? Then I should feel so thankful and fulfil the character better.

BRITISH DIPLOMACY IN PERSIA.

The discovery that Sir Edward Grey on his own avowal was actually supporting the Russian ultimatum to Persia—in open violation of the Anglo-Russian agreement as well as to the obvious detriment of British and Indian interests—gave an ugly shock to public opinion. It has been the fashion to speak of Sir Edward Grey as a convinced but cool-headed Imperialist, a strong guardian of British interests, and one who does not know the meaning of fear where England's glory or honor or power is concerned. Of course, the most ridiculous language of adulation is used from time to time about every statesman who attains any eminence, and no one should be surprised if a political hero does not come up to the proofs when he is put to the test. We have for several months past been inclined to suspect that there is something wrong with the Foreign Office, and a fortnight ago we endeavored to explore what possible causes might account for recent diplomatic failures, and what natural deficiencies or official embarrassments might have prevented some of Sir Edward Grey's finer qualities from coming into play. The want of travel and languages explains a great deal. Sir Edward Grey is a naturalist, and because he studies birds and fishes he loves them. A naturalist will do as much to prevent cruelty to animals as a humanist to prevent cruelty to men and women. The one will be as anxious to avoid the extinction of a species as the other the extinction of a nation. If you do not know other

nations, if you cannot read their national aspirations in their own tongue, if you have no acquaintance with the works of their philosophers and poets, if you have never seen their cities, mountains, and rivers, or lived among their peasants, how can you expect to feel generous emotion towards them when all your official information is colored and biased against them? If the Persians had been birds and the Finns had been fishes, more sympathy might have been extended to them when their lives and liberties were threatened by the Great Oppressor, who is warring against liberty when he ought to be warring against famine in 18 starving Provinces. But no one acquainted with the Foreign Office and its Russophile chiefs expects it to support the rights of these small nationalities, unless it can be shown that the material interests of Great Britain or the British Empire imperatively require that those rights should be supported. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal to be said on utilitarian grounds for the diplomatic support of justice and equity. The policy with which the names of Canning, Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone are closely associated, the policy which forwarded freedom and discouraged oppression not with military intervention, but with all the diplomatic strength and prestige of Great Britain, was not disadvantageous. It paid us very well to be honored and looked up to by the small nations of the earth. It meant that we merited and won the respect of all civilized opinion. It was

a great thing for British commerce and enterprise that Canning's diplomacy supported the claims of the new Republican Governments in South America. It was a great thing that England helped to rescue Greece and the Balkan States from Turkish misrule. It was a great thing that Palmerston and Russell and Gladstone so effectually promoted the cause of Italian unity.

But we live in days of meaner ideals. Statesmen on both sides seem to be afraid of expressing generous emotions. There appears to be no official recognition of the fundamental fact, recognized by Demosthenes and Burke if not by Machiavelli and Bacon, that there are moral relations between States. A really great nation has a right to expect that the conduct of those who represent it should not be such as would disgrace an individual, but should be honorable, high minded, jealous of its own rights and interests, but very regardful of the rights and interests of others, more especially of those whose weakness exposes them to injustice and outrage. It is quite true that the analogy between the individual and the State is not a perfect one. An impulsive and chivalrous act, which in the individual might excite our admiration as a generous readiness to risk or sacrifice his own career, his fortunes, or even his life, might excite our just censure in a Foreign Secretary or a statesman, who by a rash speech was endangering neither his own life nor his own salary, but the lives and fortunes of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. In short, the Foreign Secretary is a trustee, and it is from this point of view that we must measure and criticise his policy. Our own criticism of Sir Edward Grey's Moroccan policy is that, while he has been very watchful and suspicious of aggressive action on the part of Germany, the aggressive policy of France (the first and

worst offender) has been steadily seconded and encouraged. It would have been an honorable and intelligible policy for us as a great Mohammedan Power to have interfered to save the Arabs of North Africa from the rapacity of Europe. Our diplomacy might well have exercised a restraining influence upon France and Italy and Spain. We certainly ought to have protested against the march on Fez, for it was a scandalous breach of the Treaty of Algeciras, and we were signatories. We certainly ought to have protested against the Italian ultimatum; for it was a breach of all civilized usage and international comity. If such an action as this is to be acquiesced in, what is there to prevent any Power from invading any other at a moment's notice?

But in the new case of Persia we have a much more obvious blunder, something that shocks and bewilders the man in the street. On September 28, 1907, we ventured in these columns to welcome the Anglo-Russian agreement, because of the security which it gave to India through a preamble, by which the two Governments "mutually engaged to respect the integrity and independence of Persia." We wrote: "We do not see how, from the standpoint either of British interests or international morals, the stipulations concerning Tibet and Afghanistan could be improved upon. The only omission seems to be an arbitration clause, providing that any dispute as to the interpretation of the agreement shall be referred to the Hague tribunal." The policy of buffer States is a sound policy for India, because it enables the Government to spend Indian taxes, not upon war and warlike preparations, but upon the education of the people, upon railways, irrigation and economic development. Unfortunately, it has become increasingly clear in the last year that the Russian Gov-

ernment does not wish the Persians to work out their own salvation. They are not to have a fair chance. It was agreed that to give them a fair chance they should be assisted in reforming their finances, and an American adviser, Mr. Shuster, was appointed, with considerable powers. This gentleman found that at every step he was being opposed by Russia, and he had the temerity to procure the assistance of several Englishmen in his endeavors to improve the administration. It is said that, in giving work to these gentlemen in a part of the country which was defined as the sphere of Russian influence, he was acting against the spirit of the Anglo-Russian *entente*. But what is to be said of the Russian action in presenting an ultimatum and invading Persia, because an American adviser has appointed two or three Englishmen to assist in improving the administration of a country, whose integrity and independence she has engaged to respect? It may have been tactless,

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but it was certainly complimentary to us, and the action of the British Government was simply amazing. Sir Edward Grey allowed himself to be made a party to the Russian ultimatum, and seems to have joined in the demand for the removal of Mr. Shuster, because Mr. Shuster has committed the intolerable offence of appointing two or three Englishmen to help in the upbuilding of the Persian State! That we should be aiding Russia to violate our agreement with her and should condone her invasion of Persia on such grounds is humiliation indeed. It proves, we are afraid, the danger of allowing the permanent policy of the Foreign Office to be controlled by friends and admirers of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy. No wonder that from India we hear voices of protest. Those who use the word "prestige" on frivolous occasions should have known how not to abuse it and sacrifice it in a case where it represented something substantial.

HEALING BY TOUCH. *

The history of the king's evil and the royal touch, whether as a picture in detail of a certain stream of a very ancient tradition, or as a particular instance of something more than a tradition or symbol, of a mystic interpretation of man's relation to the unseen powers which encompass him, is a deeply interesting study. We are far from imputing it as a fault to Dr. Raymond Crawford if, in his scholarly decision to keep to his own part of a great subject, and to do thoroughly what he undertook, he has averted his eye from the ancient sources of the mystery, or even neglected the facts

and fables which linked up the modern and the ancient modes of miraculous healing. Still, has not Dr. Crawford almost dissembled these sources of the far past and the ancient myth? He remarks, for instance, that the gods "have transmitted the gift" (of healing) to mortal man—especially to conspicuous individuals such as kings; to Pyrrhus, for example, or Vespasian. And a few sentences farther on (p. 10) he says that, with the spread of Christianity, the priest "usurped" for a while the prerogative of healing. This seems scarcely the right color to put upon the past. Samuel looked upon Saul as the usurper of intercessory functions. And the gift of healing was not so much a "transmission" from gods to men as

* "The King's Evil." By Dr. Raymond Crawford. Pp. 187. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1911.) Price 8s. 6d. net.

that in this function the priest-king originally was the organ rather than the agent of the supernatural; originally the potency was not so much a delegation as a continuity.

The laying on of hands, as practised for disease in England and France, and as still practised in the institution of Holy Orders, passed by insensible gradations from gods and godlings to heroes and men. Any kindred touch might convey its influence, even the touch of a relic of the operative personage. From this point of view, in Greece, *χάρ* and *δύναμις* were equivalent. And in various times and circumstances the manual act might pass a stream of virtue from healer to patient, or might be a manumission, or a protective gesture, or merely a symbol. Clearly, in the idea of the royal touch, it stood for more than a symbol.

The "soothing-handed" Chiron, Eileithyæ, Apollo, Hygieia, poured forth their virtue to Asclepius. Serapis, the mother of God, Cosmas and Damian, and onward, until we take up the modern part of the story with Dr. Crawford, from Robert the Pious (996-1031 A.D.). If in view of the inclination of the readers of *Nature* towards evolution I have ventured to knit up a few of these ancient links, from the beginning of his own story Dr. Crawford is an indispensable guide. From the first we feel we are in good hands; the scrupulous references to authorities, the exploration of the sources, many of which the author has either brought to light or has set in their proper light, the first glance at the scholarly translations from the Latin, or at the excellent bibliography, and, above all, the sound criticism not unspiced with humor, give the reader a sense of completeness and sureness. The subject of the royal touch had not been adequately treated; Dr. Crawford has been fortunate in his subject, and has pro-

duced an exhaustive and probably a final study of it.

Magic touch in ancient times was valid not for a few but for all or any diseases and for parturition. In the Middle Ages, however, it had become restricted to jaundice—the *morbis regius*—and to bubos. For the jaundice the touch soon fell out of use; the bubos were chiefly of the scrofulous kind, but Dr. Crawford supposes that not a few ambulant cases of bubonic plague (*lues inguinaria*) were included in the crowd. At a later date probably syphilis came in, a disease not mentioned, I think, by the author, though as he has forgotten an index—the only defect in his scholarly apparatus—I cannot be sure of this. In one of the Continental galleries I remember a picture, of the early sixteenth century, commemorating a cure by a miracle-working saint, in which the patient, exhibited in his own person a fine specimen of syphilitic ulceration and of the painter's veracity.

If we regard the laying on of hands as an ancient prerogative, one deriving from the larger function of "Blinding and Loosing," we attach less importance to the defects of the records of its appearance in modern times; we guess that this mystery never died out; that the lack of records is due to their destruction, or to silence on matters of familiar custom. Still, Dr. Crawford is as precise as sources will allow, and it is not without interest to note that, if in France the definite history of the touch begins with Robert the Pious, yet the legends of the times of Clovis suggest in this respect also the continuity of Gallo-Roman ritual. With Clovis, as with later kings of England and France, with Queen Anne for instance, the assumption of this prerogative may have been to prove that he too was hedged about with divinity. England, in her comparative isolation from the Roman tradition, records no

royal touch before Edward the Confessor.

If it was not until much later times that the kings became specialists in scrofula the previous vagueness depended largely on that of contemporary diagnosis. And here we come to matter of interest to our faith-healers of to-day; to the partnership of physician and priest or king—priest or king as the touch was, generally speaking, conducted under an imposing courtly and religious ceremony. Dr. Crawford carefully reproduces the Offices as modified from time to time, and he tells us that the enthusiasm of the sick was thus exalted to an amazing passion. Moreover, the king's physicians took a prominent part, not only in protecting him from crowds of sufferers of a non-descript kind, or of kinds not amenable to the royal touch, but actively in securing this blessing for the cases in which their skill had failed, and for persons in whom they were interested. Passing over earlier and cruder ages, we may descend in time to so great a man as Wiseman, the really distinguished, sagacious, and learned sergeant surgeon to Charles, the Second, who said of his master's potency, with probably more than a courtier's sincerity, that "he cureth more in any one year than all the Chirurgeons of London have done in an age." This testimony is the more remarkable as Wiseman was not himself officially concerned with the ceremony. In one passage, indeed, Wiseman attributes a relapse to the loss of the angel from the neck of the patient. Like Alexander of Tralles, good doctor as for his time he was, he still clung to amulets and such magic. We read then with no surprise the devout appreciations of such men as Fuller and Collier. Shortly before Wiseman, we have the curious story, one better known to medical men, of the arraignment of one Leverett, at the instance of Wil-

lam Clowes the Younger, surgeon to Charles the First, before the College of Physicians for his imposture, which this august body had no difficulty in proving by convincing evidence of facts, in pretending to vie with the king in the power of curing the evil, even by methods still more magical. We do not find, however, that the College did the fairest thing in its power; it might have put the King and Leverett severally to trial on the same patient or patients. But, as Clowes aptly remarked, Leverett was not even a seventh son of a seventh son; he proved to be only the fourth. He was a hollow rogue.

Still, the sceptic had crept near the ears of his world, even at an early date; not always knowing himself to be a sceptic. John of Gaddesden (under Edward the First) assigned to the royal touch a place midway between the polypharmacy of the physician and the craft of the surgeon—"a delicate provision," says Dr. Crawford, "for the contingency of the king's therapeutical impotence." As this passage is almost the only original suggestion in his "*Rosa Anglica*," we may guess that John, like the many persons who do not know that they are humorists, was naively unaware of his own scepticism. It is a happy biographical trait of Henry of Navarre that, at Ivry, on cutting down a man with his sabre, he exclaimed, "*Je te touche, que Dieu te guérisse*." But perhaps this says less for Henry's scepticism than Dr. Crawford thinks, characteristic of him as the story is. Even in the sixteenth century the stronger the creed the safer to jest with it; the Church has always tolerated the jester, while handing over the wrangler to the secular arm.

The first great sceptic, to whose robust disdain of this item of his divinity the discredit of the touch is due, was William the Third. His sturdiness

did him the more honor as such a proof of his dynastic authenticity would have been convenient. This testimony had more weight with Anne; though it would have gone hard with her heirship had it depended on her cure of Samuel Johnson. The gold touch-piece she bestowed upon her eminent patient is, we are told, in the British Museum. It is hard to believe that such great modern surgeons as Alibert and Dupuytren presented sufferers from the evil to Charles the Tenth; perhaps they were the last medical authorities to be so complaisant; though the later Stuarts amused themselves, and others, by clinging to this last rag of their divinity until their dissolution.

I hope my readers will agree with me that I have taken no improper liberty with them in dwelling at this length upon so able and entertaining a volume.

Clifford Allbutt.

SOCIALIST SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Attention has recently been drawn to the rapid growth of Socialist Sunday-schools—due, it may be supposed, to the remarkable expansion which we have witnessed of late of the whole Socialist movement. But there is another factor which has contributed largely to their growth, and that is the spirit of irreligion and agnosticism which prevails among the lower strata of democracy at the present time. For even as the ideals of Socialism logically lead in practice to the dethronement of all religious beliefs, so is the teaching in the Socialist Sunday-schools, based as it is on the gospel of materialism and class-hatred, in direct opposition to the doctrine of Christianity. Materialism and the class-war are the fundamentals of Marxian Socialism, and the popularity of this creed among the masses has been largely responsible for the establishment of the Socialist Sunday-schools. The tenets of the Marxian faith are strictly observed in everything which is taught to the children. Religion is never mentioned in the curriculum: nothing which bears the slightest relation to religious belief is ever allowed to obtrude into a lesson. It should not be forgotten that Karl Marx, who has been described as the

father of Social Democracy, was himself an avowed atheist, and his conception of the world, Mr. Kirkup, the Socialist historian, tells us, was a frank and avowed materialism. In this connection it is also worthy of note that a great many of the Socialist leaders have either been bitter opponents of the Christian faith or have disowned Providence and every form of religion.

The Socialist Sunday-school movement may be said to have had its inception in Glasgow a few years ago. There are a hundred and twenty of these institutions scattered over Great Britain, attached to five Sunday-school Unions, three of which are in England and two in Scotland, and the average attendance each Sabbath is nearly seven thousand children, in addition to some hundreds of adults. In London the figures vary between two thousand and three thousand, while the attendance in the English provinces is about the same. It is sufficient to add that schools are being established in every centre of importance, and that in other parts of the world the movement is also flourishing. American Socialists have been quick to discover their educative value, and in New York every Sunday a number of teachers are busy

turning out thousands of young and enthusiastic workers in the cause of social democracy. The international strength of the Socialist Sunday scholars is, roughly, a hundred and twenty thousand.

There has never been any attempt to disguise the nature of the teaching, which is administered with the aid of three books—(1) the *Socialist Ten Commandments*, which can be described as nothing less than a parody of the Decalogue; (2) the *Red Catechism for Socialist Children*; and (3) the *Child's Socialist Reader*, which describes Marx's *Capital* as the Bible of social democracy.

This is the sort of stuff which is contained in the *Socialist Ten Commandments*, and which is drilled incessantly into the minds of the young:—

Remember that all the good things of the earth are produced by labor. Whosoever enjoys them without working for them is stealing the bread of others.

This incitement of children to class-hatred runs through the whole of the lessons. Private property in capital, it is insisted, is public robbery. A pamphlet published by one of the Socialist Sunday-school Unions explains that the schools are intended "to serve as a means of teaching economic causes of present-day social evils and implanting a love of goodness in the child-mind." The way in which this love of goodness is implanted may be best described by quoting from another portion of the same pamphlet, which explains for the benefit of the child that private property is public robbery because it creates and divides the human family into two classes—"classes of rich idle people who claim and hold all their things as by right, and classes of hirelings who are thus forced to pay for the use of them. . . . Out of this unjust and unholy condition of

things have arisen war, hatred, jealousy, revenge . . . crime and disease of every kind—yea, and death itself." This is the true gospel of the class-war; but perhaps the *Red Catechism* transcends all else in the venom of its teaching. Take for instance the following extracts:—

Who creates all wealth?—The working-class.

Who creates all poverty?—Our capitalist society.

Do the children of the rich starve?—No; they have nurses to tend them when they are young, college masters to teach them as they grow up, and, should they become ill, they are sent to the seaside or into the country.

Do the rich people trouble about the poor children of London, who are ill-fed and clothed?—No.

Why do doctors make experiments upon poor people?—Because it gives them experience which they can sell to the rich.

The child is also told that the landlord "takes a fourth from the wages of father for rent." The question is then put: "That is sheer robbery, is it not?" And the child answers, "Yes; but working-men cannot help it." Then there is the Socialist Sunday-school Song-book, which contains a number of extraordinary effusions, the cheerful sentiment of which is fully calculated to implant anything but a "love of goodness" in the child-mind. The "International," for instance, which appears in this book, is a well-known Socialist song, usually associated with the throwing of bombs and other Socialist and Anarchist activities. The following verse is characteristic:—

These kings defile us with their powder,

We want no war within the land;
Let soldiers strike: for peace call louder,

Lay down arms and join hand in hand.

Should these vile monsters still determine

Heroes to make us in despite.
They'll know full soon the kind of ver-
min

Our bullets hit in this last fight.

Whatever love of goodness this may in-
spire in the mind of a child, it is not
through a very high order of poetics
or politeness.

The harm these Socialist Sunday-
schools are effecting is inestimable. Mr.
H. M. Hyndman, speaking at Burnley
on June 5 last year, said:—

We are getting the children with us.
We are getting those who will be the
vigorous people of the next generation.
That is the real future of the people of
this country—the education of the chil-
dren to Socialism.

Here is the *raison d'être* of the So-
cialist Sunday-school. The develop-
ment of popular education has brought
us face to face with a new danger—a
democracy nurtured from childhood in
the spirit of the social revolution, and
fraught with possibilities too terrible
to contemplate. It involves the death
of patriotism and the triumph of the
Red International, the usurpation of
faith's abiding-place by materialism
and atheism.

It must not be imagined that it is
only the children of socialists who at-
tend these schools. There are many
parents who permit their children to
imbibe this iniquitous teaching because
they do not trouble to inquire as to its
character. They imagine that it re-
sembles the instruction given in the
Church of England Sunday-schools.
Invariably the excuse is that there is
no other place near enough to the
child's home, and that in the Socialist
Sunday-school the parents have some-
where handy to send the child should
they wish to go out for the afternoon.
As for the teachers to whose charge
the children are entrusted, they are
for the most part young and enthusi-
astic Socialists, who have been aptly

described as "knowing little and
doubting nothing."

That the popularity of this teaching
has been partly fostered by the terri-
ble economic conditions which oppress
the poor to-day cannot be doubted; but
the question may be asked: Is the
Church losing its grip on the lives of
the people?—Is it indeed doing all it
can to aid and comfort the lower
classes in the bitter struggle for ex-
istence which faces them at every turn,
destructive of all hope and self-reli-
ance? There is ample evidence that,
side by side with the remarkable
growth of the Socialist Sunday-schools,
the Church Sunday-schools are losing
ground. Most people will recall the
Bishop of London's vigorous criticism
of the latter, contained in his letter to
the diocese at the beginning of the
year, and the appeal which his lordship
then made for their reorganization.

The appointment by the Bishop last
July of a Director of Sunday-schools
is of course a step forward in the right
direction, but still much remains to be
done. Although there are many mil-
lions of children attending Church Sun-
day-schools, yet there are thousands of
Socialist Sunday scholars; and while
this in itself is sufficiently disquieting,
there are other factors even more
alarming, one of which is the amazing
popularity of a class of teaching which
is opposed to that of the Church, and
which is being spread more and more
among the children every day. If
there were only one Socialist Sunday-
school, or if there were only a few chil-
dren receiving atheistic instruction, in-
stead of over six thousand, as at pres-
ent, the situation would be sufficiently
alarming to warrant some speedy coun-
ter-action by the Church. But, after
all, this is not merely a matter appeal-
ing to Anglicans only. Every denom-
ination should find the work of saving
the children nearest its hand. One re-
joices to know that there is an organ-

lization which is doing its best to combat the evil. Such effort, however praiseworthy, might be expected to accomplish much more if the driving force of the Churches were assisting.

The Outlook.

compish much more if the driving force of the Churches were assisting.

A FOREIGN LEADER.

I can't help it: I must write a leading article on foreign affairs. My head is so full of noble phrases; I see in my mind's eye so many Chancellors, Prime Ministers, Foreign Ministers, Naval Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer, and they are all shouting and changing and writing and orating at so great a length and in such resonant, nation-shaking voices that, unless I get them out of my head, I shall certainly go mad and be prosecuted for running about the landscape clothed only in loose sheets of *The Times*, the *Journal des Débats* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. I am compelled, therefore, to write a strong, patriotic, calm, stimulating and perfectly impartial leading article.

I shall not write this article for any particular paper, for I am not, I am proud to say, connected with any particular paper. Nor shall I send it to any paper on approval after it's done. I have no ambitions of that kind, and I don't want any of their money. What I shall write I shall write for its own sake and for mine.

One thing troubles me a little, and that is that I don't know anything about foreign affairs, except what I've read casually. I'm not behind the scenes. I've never met even the third cousin of an attaché or the great-uncle of a First Secretary. I only know what the man-in-the-street knows. However, I don't think that matters much. If I can manage to be at the same time pompous, scornful, deprecating, sagacious, uplifted and omniscient, I know I shall get on all right. All I have got to do is to wipe out Germany in a sentence and to support France by three

strong and well-rounded paragraphs. There's another special point: if I want to refer broadly to the German Government I mustn't call them the German Government; I must say "the *Wilhelmstrasse* is again attempting to put us off with the usual pitiful plea." Doesn't it sound gorgeous? I feel much better already.

Similarly if I wish to refer to Austria—I don't quite see where she comes in, but still I might want to refer to her; you never know where these experts in foreign affairs are going to take you next—if, as I say, I wish to speak about Austria I can have a choice of two alternatives. I can call her "the Dual Monarchy," or I can get a snub in by speaking of her as "the Ballplatz." It sounds like a sneezing game, but it isn't. It's just another name for Austria-Hungary—until this moment I had forgotten all about Hungary, which shows how careful one has to be.

Then there's France. It sounds rather impudent just to call her France. If there's anything that's clearly required by the *entente cordiale* it is this: that France when foreign affairs are *sur le tapis*—how insensibly one slips into that beautiful language—must be referred to as the *Quai d'Orsay*.

As to Italy, of course we don't need to bother about her. If she hadn't gone to Tripoli to teach dead Arabs at the point of the bayonet how to become good and humane and civilized Italian subjects, we might have had to speak of her as "the Quirinal," or "the third and not least illustrious member of the Triple Alliance;" but now she's in

Tripoli with about 50,000 of her best Generals and she really doesn't count.

As to Russia, I know exactly what to say about her. She's "the Colossus of the North" whom it would be stark, staring lunacy for the Germans to arouse. She may move slowly, but think of the masses she can bring into line—"hordes of fierce riders from the Ukraine" and all that sort of thing.

Then there's Britain. She's got no special pet name like the others, but she's all there none the less. The thing to say is that Germans (wilfully and blindly, poor beggars!) misunderstand us:—"The Wilhelmstrasse may know much, but the nature of the British people is a sealed book to the distorted vision of the *Imperial Chancellor*.

Punch.

Those who mistake our calm for carelessness and see in the stern resolution of our attitude only an intention to abandon our friendships are preparing for themselves a rude awakening. The Ballplatz is too wise to be deceived by the clumsy attempts of those who have reckoned without the lucid explanations which have lately emanated" [hurrah for "emanated"—it's a topping word!] "from the Quai d'Orsay. No one knows better than the politicians of the Dual Monarchy what it means when once the Colossus of the North begins to move. Even *Frederick the Great*—" But there, I've got them all in already. I shall finish the article to-night.

BALLADE TO A PHILANTHROPIST.

You send your ships to Sunlight Port,
Your money to Morel & Co.,
Or the Minority Report,
Or the Maternity Bureau;
There is in all this festive flow
A point that I should like to fix,
Your aid is shed on all below—
But will you lend me two-and-six?

You pay reformers to fall short,
And agitators to lie low,
You pay our papers to exhort
Our soldiers not to Conquer so,
You toss us a Town Hall at Bow
Built out of terra-cotta bricks—
(Has a Gymnasium, has it? Oh!)
But Will You Lend me Two-and-Six?

I know you vetoed at Earl's Court
That brutalizing Billiard Show.
. . . Quite so . . . yes . . . this so-called sport . . .
Yes . . . so called Christian . . . strikes a blow . . .
Yes . . . so called Twentieth . . . yes, I know,
. . . Degraded postures . . . player kicks
The billiard-marker with his toe . . .
But will you lend me Two-and-Six?

Envoi.

Prince, I will not be knighted! No!
Put up your sword and stow your tricks!
Offering the Garter is no go—
BUT WILL YOU LEND ME TWO-AND-SIX?

The Eye-Witness.

G. K. Chesterton.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis's articles on the American woman, originally contributed to *The Outlook* and *The Congregationalist*, are collected into a volume "The American Woman and Her Home" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) Mrs. Hillis is not one of the "insurgent" women; but she is not out of sympathy with women's aspirations for larger opportunities. She writes sensibly and suggestively upon the opportunities and sanctities of home life, and sympathetically upon the needs and claims of women to whom life is a struggle.

"Alys-All-Alone," title of a book for children by Una Macdonald, is the name which a lonely little girl gives herself. Her father is a musician, necessarily much engrossed with his work. With the exception of Dore, a young music student who proves a charming companion, Alys is left much to herself to wonder about her lost mother. The finding of her mother is the culminating event in a series of interesting episodes. A generous and loving child is pictured, not remarkable in any way, but quite natural, and the story of how happiness came to her lonely life is told with simplicity and delicate feeling. Its appeal will not be confined to juvenile readers alone. L. C. Page & Co.

One of the new Macmillan books, is "The Love That Lives," by Mabel Os-good Wright. A quiet story of New England life in a small town, it succeeds in giving us a number of remarkably life-like characters. Christopher Curwen, dedicated from childhood to the ministry, and prepared for it by the efforts of a self-sacrificing brother, and three doting maiden sisters, marries Hespera Carey, a fair parishioner in his first charge. Through the varying for-

tunes attendant upon ministers' families in small parishes, we follow these two until their children in turn are settled in life. A significant study is the decision made by the two elder children not to feel bound to follow the professions for which they have been educated, but to consult the inclinations of their own natures in the choice of a life work. Pandora, the third and youngest, is a nice, unexpected sort of person. Her keen, quick-witted comments upon passing events form a clever foil to the sweet seriousness of the story. There is also a dream-like mystic strain running through and under all, which makes every day occurrences take on a deep significance.

Humor, sound sense and wise suggestion characterize the little volume on "Girls and Education" by Le Baron R. Briggs, President of Radcliffe College and Dean of the Harvard faculty. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) The book is made up of four chapters, which may originally have been addresses at school or college. The first is directed to the girl who would cultivate herself; the second to schoolgirls at graduation; the third to college girls; and the fourth to college teachers and the girls whom they teach. The several chapters emphasize, in a tone of friendly sympathy and understanding, and illustrate with many apt allusions drawn from literature and from life the necessity of seriousness, of the improvement of time, of the absence of affectation and over self-consciousness, and of devotion to duty. Dean Briggs is a wise mentor. He knows how to give sound counsel without offending the recipient; and he writes with a sincerity so indubitable and in a style so clear and so charming that girls who read his friendly homilies will get pleasure as well as profit from them.

"A modern woman, with an inordinate amount of emotional vanity transplanted to her intellect, consumed and devoured by a curiosity to sound her own and other people's emotional depths, to test her magnetism," is the heroine of Marie Louise Van Saanan's three-sided story, "The Blind Who See." Nora's lover is "the type of man who always fascinates such a woman, a superb egoist and something of a brute," and the blind musician, her husband—high-minded, generous and trusting—is not able to hold her wavering fancy, though after a period of unfaithfulness she returns to him. The story is told with distinction, and is marked by great emotional power and an unusual cleverness at description. One moment in particular, that of Nora's entrance into a room on a winter afternoon, is as clear cut and real as one's memory of the candles in the grove on the night of the duel in "The Master of Ballantrae." The Century Co.

By all odds one of the best boys' books of the season is "The Boy with the U. S. Census" by Francis Rolt-Wheeler, the third volume in what is called the "U. S. Service Series" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) The book is full of accurate information about this important department of the government service, and will therefore commend itself to benevolent older people who have their own ideas about the kind of books a boy ought to like to read; but it is also full of lively and diverting incident, which will commend it to the boys themselves quite as much as if it were wholly fiction. The youth who figures in it as a census-taker is shifted from one point to another in the course of his work, and becomes cognizant of conditions among the ex-slaves and the mountain whites of the South, the newly-arrived immigrants, and the "Black Hand" in New

York. All that he witnesses and experiences is graphically told and there are no dull pages. There are thirty-eight illustrations, many of them from government sources.

Robert Hichens is acknowledged to have made for himself a unique place in fiction. "The Fruitful Vine," his latest work, is proof of his increasing maturity as a writer, as well as of his power of insight into character. An artistic delineator of emotion and passion, he so deals with his characters that every act of their external lives seems typical and symbolic of the struggles within. Many feel his methods too intimate, but there are others to whom his almost photographic record of inner life is very appealing. The theme of this last novel is an intense love and longing for little children, and the effect of this feeling upon the lives of Sir Theodore Canynge and Dolores his wife, who are childless. The scene is Rome, of the present day, and very interesting pen pictures of life there are given. Beautiful and striking is a frontispiece in colors of the Eternal City, by Jules Guerin. Such a book is bound to excite interest. Some readers will be greatly drawn to it, while others will greatly dislike it; but none will be indifferent. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Most interesting and timely is the book by Sue Ainslee Clark and Edith Wyatt, entitled "Making Both Ends Meet." It is a remarkable collection of reports made by various individuals for the National Consumer's League. Much of the material has appeared in different numbers of McClure's Magazine. The reports are economic records of self-supporting women living away from home in New York. There are two methods of investigating economic conditions. One is to simply compile figures and facts, as in census-taking;

and the other is to gather the human-interest story, of which latter method much of our journalism is an example. The women who made these investigations tried to combine the two methods—they obtained a background of facts and interpreted them by means of dramatic stories. The investigators actually shared the lives of the working-girls, in laundries, factories and stores, supporting themselves on the wages received at the time. An especially pertinent chapter is the one which deals with the Shirt-Waist Makers' Strike. The record as a whole cannot fail to arouse a sincere and more intelligent interest in conditions of which many are but dimly aware. The Macmillan Company.

Admirers of the prose and verse of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman will extend a warm welcome to the volume "Genius and Other Essays" gathered after his death and now published by Moffat, Yard & Co. All of Mr. Stedman's work, the critical not less than the creative, was marked by admirable poise and self-restraint. He did not belong to the type of writers who write for the mere pleasure of writing or labor under the delusion that an eager public is waiting to hear what they may have to say. He wrote too little rather than too much,—with an excess of deliberation rather than a want of it; a fault, if it is a fault, easily forgiven because it is so rare. The essays included in the present volume cover a wide range, in subject and in date. Some of them date back to the sixties, the latest was written in 1904. But all are marked by Mr. Stedman's familiar characteristics. They are well-considered, discriminating, generous, and written in the clear, scholarly style which lent such an enduring charm to his "Victorian Poets." Time laughs at critics, and sometimes flouts their decisions and reverses their

judgments, but it cannot dispel the charm of the comments which Mr. Stedman made years ago even upon writings which have not held the importance which they then seemed to have. One of the lightest and most diverting essays in the collection is that on Eugene Field.

"Jean-Christophe in Paris," by Romain Rolland, now published in translation, is one of the notable books of the year, and is sure to attract much attention in this country, as it has in England and France. The present volume, which is complete in itself, contains the third, fourth and fifth books; they tell of a boorish young German, a real musician, who comes to Paris and for long finds himself moved only to rage and disgust by the professionals and wealthy dilettantes he meets. In this book "The Market Place," the author is strong and glories in his strength; he analyzes every aspect of the worst side of French life and lets Christophe rail at it. Then, in "Antoinette," comes a tenderly sympathetic account of the life of a little governess who in Germany had been protected by Christophe and secretly loves him. The story of her life is profoundly moving, true in every emotion and turn of phrase. Olivier, her brother, becomes after her death Christophe's friend and the last book is devoted to their friendship and their life in a typical French house. The author has the vision and the humanity of a master; his French facility and intellectual agility do not shut him out from the portrayal of simple, strong emotion and keen understanding, without a trace of cynicism, of human motives and failings. Jean-Christophe is a stimulation and a pleasure; the American public will look eagerly for the translation of the rest of the novel cycle. Henry Holt & Co.